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Guinness Guide to Country Dishes



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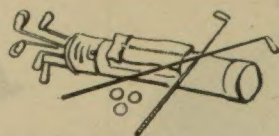
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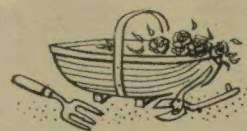
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1953.



THE EARTHQUAKE DISASTER IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS: THE CAPITAL OF ZANTE REDUCED TO RUBBLE BY EARTH TREMORS:—A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE WIDESPREAD HAVOC WROUGHT IN ZANTE, CEPHALONIA AND ITHACA.

The magnitude of the disaster which has overtaken the southern Ionian Islands can hardly be exaggerated. On August 9 the first earthquake shocks were felt in Ithaca, Cephalonia and Zante; and shock succeeded shock for the next seven days, causing devastation stated to be greater than that at the destruction by earthquake of Corinth in 1928. Our photograph, taken from the air, shows the capital of Zante after it had suffered almost complete demolition by the repeated earth tremors which were followed by fierce fires, fanned to great violence by high winds. What adds particular poignancy to the photograph is

that the scene of terrible devastation it represents is typical of the aspect of towns and villages throughout the three islands. Help and relief were rapidly undertaken, ships of the British Navy being the first to arrive to assist the Greek Navy in the work of mercy. Fire-fighting patrols from the British cruiser *Gambia*, which was diverted to Greece when on her way back from Port Said to Malta, worked without pause to master the conflagration in Zante; and *Daring* and *Wrangler* arrived off Cephalonia to bring aid. The cruiser *Bermuda* arrived at Zante on August 15.

AS THEY WERE IN SUNLIT BEAUTY BEFORE THE DISASTER: SOUTHERN IONIAN ISLANDS DEVASTATED BY A SERIES OF VIOLENT EARTHQUAKES.



VIEWED FROM THE NORTH: ITHACA, THE LEGENDARY HOME OF ODYSSEUS, ONE OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS WHICH HAVE BEEN DEVASTATED BY EARTHQUAKES, FIRST REPORTED ON AUGUST 11. SHOCKS CONTINUED FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND CAUSED IMMENSE LOSS OF LIFE AND ENORMOUS DAMAGE TO PROPERTY.



A TYPICAL GREEK DOMESTIC SCENE: A WOMAN SPINNING RAW COTTON, WHICH WILL LATER BE WOVEN ON A HANDLOOM INTO STRONG CLOTH.



SHOWING THE TYPE OF HOUSE IN WHICH GREEN PEASANTS LIVE: A SCENE AT A WELL, WITH GIRLS DRAWING WATER. THE PLANE-TREE PROVIDES WELCOME SHADE.



ZANTE, WHERE DEVASTATION HAS BEEN CAUSED BY EARTH TREMORS AND FIRES: THE CAPITAL, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE MADONNA (LEFT; ON HILL) AND THE MOLE.

The Ionian Islands, the collective name for the group of Greek islands lying to the west of the mainland, which include Corfu, Ithaca, legendary home of Odysseus, Cephalonia and Zante, as well as Leucas and some small, uninhabited islands, were devastated by a prolonged series of earth tremors of a violent nature, which were first reported on August 10, and continued over several days, with terrible results. The first shocks were felt on August 9 on Ithaca, Cephalonia and Zante. The loss of life has been very heavy, and the damage to property immense. Whole villages and towns crumbled, and fire and tidal waves added to the horror. Following a helicopter survey over Cephalonia, H.M.S. *Daring*



THE PORT OF ZANTE: A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA, EASTWARDS TOWARDS THE MAINLAND OF THE PELLOPONNESE. THE TOWN IS LARGELY DESTROYED.

reported that by August 14 all the towns had been destroyed, the greatest damage being in the south-east. The capital of Argostolion was said to be "wiped out," and the port destroyed; and it was stated that the top of Mount Aenos was splitting in two. In Zante, fire, fanned by a raging wind, destroyed large areas of the capital; and in Ithaca, the capital and port, Vathy, was swept by tidal waves and destroyed. The Ionian Islands, famous in classic history, were under Venetian rule from the late fifteenth century until the fall of the Venetian Republic in 1797, when they were annexed by France. In the early nineteenth century the "United States of the Ionian Islands" were placed under



SOUTHERN ITHACA, LOOKING ACROSS THE BAY OF MOLO, FROM THE MONASTERY OF KATHARA. VATHY HARBOUR IS IN THE CENTRE, MOUNT STEPHANI (RIGHT CENTRE) IS SHOWN SEPARATED FROM AETOS (RIGHT) BY THE COL OF AETOS. VATHY IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY TIDAL WAVES.



SHOWING THE STONY PATHS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE GREEK ISLANDS AND OF THE MAINLAND: A WOMAN WITH A BASKET AND A LADEN DONKEY, ABOUT TO CARRY GRAPE.



ARGOSTOLION, CAPITAL OF CEPHALONIA, LARGEST OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS, WHICH IS NOW DEVASTATED: A STREET AS IT WAS BEFORE THE DISASTER.



WITH ITS BACKGROUND OF IMPRESSIVE MOUNTAINS, AND SHIPPING LYING IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF ARGOSTOLION, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE DISASTER.

British protection, and traces of British influence and taste still remain, although the islands are completely Greek in spirit and outlook. In 1864, after Prince George William of Glücksberg had come to the throne of Greece as King George I, the Ionian Islands became Greek. During the recent war they suffered enemy occupation. They are islands of remarkable beauty, and they still retain in some ways a slightly Italian flavour, for the capital of Zante has—or rather, had, for the recent disaster has caused such widespread destruction that little of it can remain—charming arcades round the central square, reminiscent of the Piazza in Venice. The cultivation of currant-vines formerly provided a considerable



THE MOMENT OF SUNSET: EVENING OVER CEPHALONIA FROM AETOS. MOUNT AENOS (5344 FT.) WAS REPORTED ON AUGUST 12 TO HAVE BEEN APPARENTLY SPLITTING IN TWO.

source of wealth, but of late the islands have been poor, and in Zante, for instance, the roads inland leading to the olive groves, citrus trees and areas for the cultivation of currant- and grape-vines have been so neglected as to resemble the dry beds of mountain streams. Every effort was immediately made to bring help to the suffering population of the devastated islands of Cephalonia, Ithaca and Zante, who number some 120,000. Units of the British Navy went immediately to the assistance of the Greek Navy; and help is also being given by the United States, and other countries. King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika left Athens on August 13 for the scenes of the disaster.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EIGHTEEN months ago I became the guardian of the woodlands. Technically I became their owner, though in reality only one of the many people who have an equal or superior right to dispose of their fate and order their future. For they belong, just as much as to me, to a host of others, who for one reason or another have a say in their control: mortgagees and land agents, forestry commissioners and county councillors, local government officials and Civil Servants, Members of Parliament and electors. In the last resort they belong, as they should, to England and its people, living and unborn. It is, therefore, a misnomer to say that I own the woods; I am merely, in part and temporarily, a person responsible for them. I am so because I love them and have made some sacrifices to be allowed to share in their guardianship. I merely, with the help of others, bought them when they were in imminent danger of destruction. Their previous owner wished to save them as much as I, and together we were able to find a way to do so. And so I took over his burden and assumed my own transient share of responsibility for these leafy pleasaunces.

I learnt to love them half a century ago when I was a boy and when they were still set in a countryside as exquisite and unspoilt as they are themselves. It was still the countryside that A. G. Street described in his wistful, nostalgic book, "Farmer's Glory"; one whose lanes were untarred and unpolluted by petrol fumes, whose villages were innocent of corrugated iron and raw, red brick, whose parks and gardens were tended as only a very rich and ancient nation, in the plenitude of an aristocratic civilisation and culture, could have kept them, where men and women of humble birth had a beautiful courtesy and a diction, slowly uttered, that was derived from a lifelong and loving acquaintance with the noblest Book in the language. Above all, it was a countryside of magnificent trees, grouped in stately groves, and along hedgerows, and scattered about undulating parks and meadows through which neat trout streams flowed. And from the hillside and slowly opening coombe where my woodlands lie I can still see the outward form of that countryside—the green Wiltshire valley, with its soft lining of luminous trees, the distant grey church tower beneath whose shade my father lies, and the clustering village at its base, the line of the chalk downs across the horizon, so remote that they might, on a day of haze, be still verdant from the great flocks of tinkling sheep that in my boyhood grazed them, and still unscarred by the dusty erosion that, like a galloping consumption, has befallen them since the first World War. But beyond the valley—and, even in the occasional bare gaps, overgrown with weed and bracken on its sides, within it, the universal destroyer has been at work; and the creations of our age are broadcast and ever expanding—ugly houses, industrial and commercial litter, hideous concrete lamp-posts, roads restless and noisy with charging monsters, all the phenomena of a human society that, with vast improvements in what are called social amenities and choice of organised amusements, has lost its faith and purpose and has forgotten its past and grown uncertain of its future: a society that, without true leadership, has lost control of its destiny and is drifting into waste and dereliction which could easily be avoided but which it seems to regard as inevitable. It is a society, with unparalleled productive resources, which, while spending immense sums on cheap cigarettes, worthless foreign films and degrading and sensational news-sheets, feebly expresses its inability to maintain the fabric of its magnificent cathedrals and churches or to preserve the beauty of its landscape. Believing as I do that this loss of faith and purpose is only temporary and that England is too imperishable to die and will live again in some as yet unforeseeable renewal of her continuing life I shall never live to see, I am both resigned to and yet acutely conscious of our age's needless and atrocious destruction of the loveliest heritage, one suspects, ever left by man to man. And I am, therefore, both aware that what I am trying to do on my minute and unimportant scale, may be impossible, yet deeply anxious to preserve, if

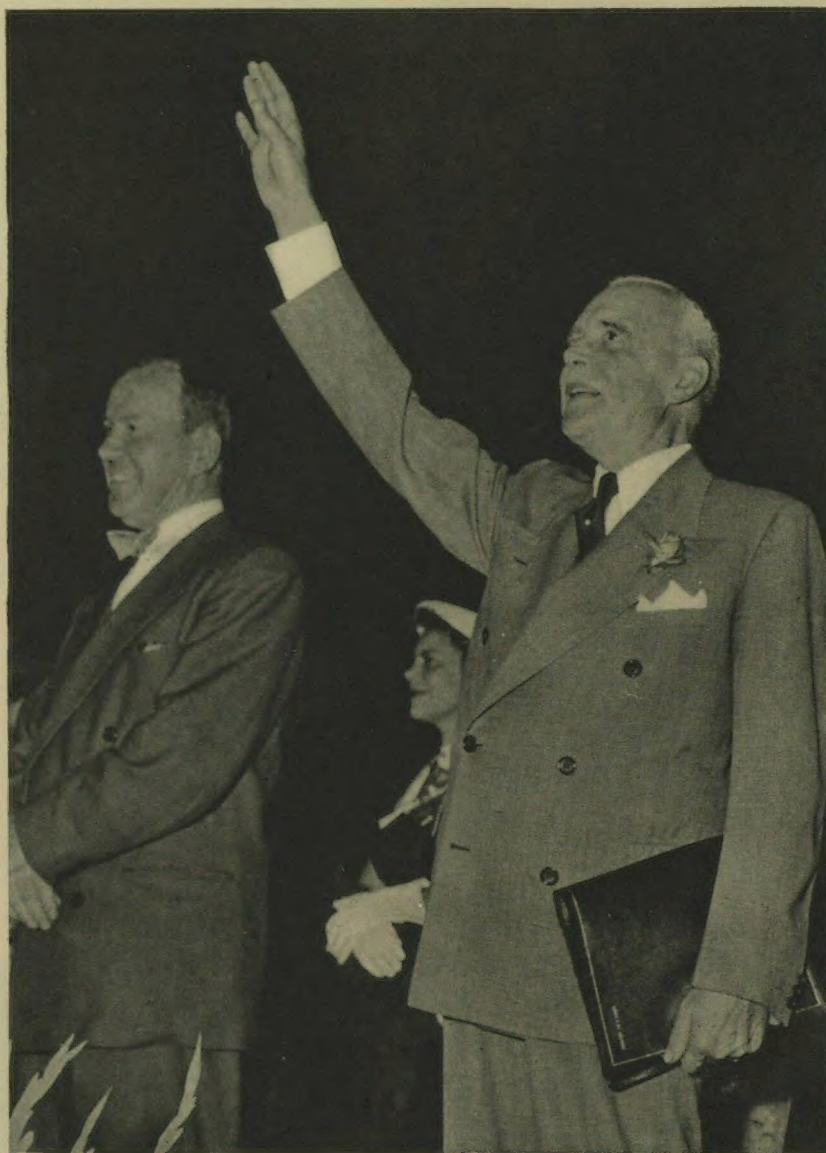
it is humanly possible, the valley that first made me love England from the destruction that it has hitherto escaped and that so much of England has suffered and has still to suffer. It might, preserved, inspire others better equipped than I, not only to love England, but to serve her.

Yet, as I very well know, I let myself in for a packet of trouble and a great deal of hard work to pay for that trouble, when I assumed my transient trusteeship of these few hundred beloved acres. How many trees there are in them I hardly know; more, certainly, than I could ever hope to count. The crown of them, the ones I love most, are the beeches, standing in majestic armies on either side of the valley and in battalions along the upland fields. They were my particular boyhood friends, and some were the scenes of well-remembered events in my youth, some childish, some romantic, but all of immense import to me at the time and still so, I find, in retrospect. They must have been planted a century-and-a-half

ago, and many, especially on one steep, sheltered hillside above a lake where one of Wiltshire's rivers rises, have reached an enormous height. But for a long period they have received no attention, apart from some enforced wartime felling which has left some sorry gaps, never replanted and now a wilderness. All through the woods my task is now to replant, to fill the empty spaces and to clear room where no space at present is for young trees which will take the place of the giants when their day is done. I have got to plant for beauty and to plant for material use: to provide shelter for plant and beast and man, and timber for unborn craftsmen to fashion for the service of men and the glory of God. That, of course, is a very grandiloquent and poetic way of describing a woodland owner's function, but it is what, in reality, he has to do if he comprehends his limited function aright. It is what the men did who planted the woods and parks that we and generations before us, have inherited. And how poor a land England would be if it was suddenly bereft of everything not made in the past fifty years! How poor and mean and ugly! It is a challenging reflection.

So the worries and the forms and the charges and the taxes and the hundred-and-one problems, human and material, that confront the so-called owner—or trustee—of real property in our egalitarian, bureaucracy-controlled society can be very well worth while and a just price, if at times a rather needlessly difficult one, to pay for the assumption of an Englishman's highest privilege: that of helping to transmit to posterity—the undying England—some small part of the incomparable heritage transmitted to us by our fathers. The hardest part of that creative and enriching task is done by the men who swing the axes, use the saws, plant the trees, drive the ploughs and tractors, dig the ditches, mend and lay the fences and hedges and gates, grow the crops and tend the beasts of the woods, fields and farms that are country England. And the greatest privilege

of all for those who help to guide the course of such a work is the opportunity it brings of sharing in a great adventure with just such men. It is like the adventure and companionship of war without the destruction and misery and suffering that war brings in its train; and, having known what it is to share, in a very humble way, since the war in just such a companionship—one that has helped to turn a derelict gunnery-range into a now-smiling and productive farm—I have come to believe that the initiative in re-creating rural England is best provided, not by the State, but, as in the past, by the private individual as the servant and trustee for the State. For it is only the individual, who, functioning as a free man in a framework of social and national discipline, can communicate his vision of a corner of England restored to those with whom the fulfilment of that vision rests and by doing so endow their work with the sense of dedication that is the salt and savour of all true labour. The State is too remote, its officials too impersonal and disinterested to be able normally to do this. It needs the flame of localised love to transmit anything so intangible.



THE LIBERAL PARTY'S FIFTH SUCCESSIVE VICTORY IN THE CANADIAN FEDERAL GENERAL ELECTIONS: MR. ST. LAURENT, THE PRIME MINISTER AND LIBERAL LEADER SINCE 1948, WHO HAD THE LARGEST MAJORITY IN THE COUNTRY, SEEN WITH MR. L. B. PEARSON (LEFT), THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.

Canadian voters who went to the polls in the Federal General Election on August 10 returned the Liberal Party to power for the fifth time in succession with a reduced majority of only ten seats. Mr. St. Laurent, who has led the Liberal Party since 1948, had the largest majority in the country. Of forty-eight women candidates, three were elected: Mrs. Ellen Fairclough (Progressive Conservative); Mrs. Anne Shipley (Liberal); and Miss Sybil Bennett (Progressive Conservative). The results were: Liberals, 171; Progressive Conservatives, 50; Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, 23; Social Credit, 15; Independents, 3; Independent-Liberals, 2; and Liberal-Labour, 1. At the time of writing there is a possibility of recounts in thirteen constituencies.



IT'S WINTER IN NEW ZEALAND WHEN IT'S SUMMER OVER HERE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. S. LONSDALE, THE NEW ZEALAND CHAMPION SKIER, COMPETING IN THE RECENT NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS ON CORONET PEAK.

This remarkable photograph was taken during the New Zealand National Championships held on the Coronet Peak, Otago, ski-ing grounds during the first week in August, and shows S. Lonsdale, of the Wakatipu Club, the New Zealand champion skier, competing in the events. He gave an outstanding exhibition of skill and speed in winning the men's slalom and the downhill event, covering the 1½-mile course in 1 min. 43·8 secs., and with them the ski-running title. June,

July and August are the winter months in New Zealand and ski-ing is a popular sport. In North Island the two centres are Mount Egmont and Mount Ruapehu, while in South Island the chain of alpine peaks provide wonderful opportunities for ski-ing. It is believed that ski-ing was first introduced into New Zealand by two members of the Alpine Ski Club, Major Bernard Head and Mr. Lawrence Earle, in 1911 when exploring the Mount Cook district.

THE FRENCH STRIKE: STRANDED TOURISTS AND FRENCH HOLIDAY-MAKERS.



WAITING FOR TRAINS THAT DID NOT ARRIVE: HOPEFUL TRAVELLERS SITTING ON THEIR LUGGAGE AT THE GARE ST. LAZARE, IN PARIS, SHORTLY AFTER THE STRIKE BEGAN.



AT BOULOGNE: SOME OF THE TOURISTS WHO WERE STRANDED AT THE PORT AFTER ARRIVING FOR A HOLIDAY ABROAD, ONLY TO FIND NO TRAINS RUNNING.



THEIR PROBLEMS SHELVED WHILE THEY ENJOY A NAP ON THE STATION PLATFORM: A PARTY OF YOUNG CAMPERS MAROONED BY THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

The struggle between the French Government and the trade unions which led to a twenty-four-hour strike by over 2,000,000 State employees on August 7 and on August 11 to a renewal of the strike which paralysed rail transport, and in some districts road transport as well, has affected thousands of holiday-makers.



OUTSIDE A TOURIST OFFICE IN STRIKE-BOUND PARIS: STRANDED HOLIDAY-MAKERS WAIT WITH THEIR BAGGAGE IN THE HOPE OF TRANSPORTATION BEING PROVIDED FOR THEM.



AN ENFORCED HOLIDAY AT HOME: BRITISH TRAVELLERS WAIT DESPONDENTLY AT VICTORIA STATION IN LONDON FOR BETTER NEWS OF THE STRIKE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On August 13 it appeared that the union leaders were attempting to extend the strike to include private industry, and it was feared that the lorry-drivers transporting food supplies might be brought out. British tourists were particularly hard hit by the strike, and many were stranded in Paris or at the ports.

THE FRENCH STRIKE: FRUSTRATED TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE AND BRITAIN.



WAITING FOR THE *GOLDEN ARROW* AT VICTORIA STATION: TRAVELLERS PREPARED TO RISK BEING STRANDED IN A FRENCH PORT IGNORE A WARNING NOTICE.



LEAVING PARIS FOR CHERBOURG IN A COACH CHARTERED BY THE CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE: AMERICAN TOURISTS WHO WERE RETURNING HOME IN THE LINER *QUEEN ELIZABETH*.



LEAVING PARIS FOR THE FRENCH PORTS: BRITISH TOURISTS WHO MANAGED TO CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY IN SPECIAL COACHES WHEN THE TRAINS STOPPED RUNNING.



SEEKING ADVICE AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY: STRANDED TOURISTS CONSULTING MR. JACK METCALFE AS TO THE BEST ROUTE HOME DURING THE STRIKE.



AN ALL-DAY WAIT AT VICTORIA STATION: A PARTY OF GIRLS FROM BANGOR GRAMMAR SCHOOL, EN ROUTE TO MONTREUX, PASS THE TIME PLAYING CARDS.

In spite of the widespread dislocation of transport in France due to the strike, which began on August 11, and warning notices prominently displayed at Victoria Station in London, crowds of British holiday-makers left for the Continent. On the other side of the Channel British tourists were just as anxious to get home,



LEAVING THE BRITISH EMBASSY FOR A FRENCH PORT IN A LORRY: A PARTY OF BRITISH TOURISTS ON THEIR WAY HOME AFTER BEING STRANDED IN PARIS.

and in Paris many went to the British Consulate for help. Lorries and coaches were used to get some of them as far as the French ports. A party of American tourists due to return home aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* were taken to Cherbourg from Paris in a coach chartered by the Cunard White Star Line.

GREAT changes are taking place to-day in the social life of the countryside. Many of them are apparent to all. The rapid disappearance of great private landlords is, for instance, well known. The changed status of farmers and labourers cannot be overlooked. Yet some of the tendencies escape general notice and have not yet found their historians, though they will assuredly provide material for research in days to come. Change in rural life is, of course, unceasing, though as a rule slower than change in urban life. Yet some of those to be seen to-day have an air of finality from the social point of view which did not appear when it was for the most part a question of the replacement of old stocks by new, in which case the latter generally adapted themselves to fulfil the rôle of the former. This was the case in Tudor times, when so many families which had got rich quickly established themselves on the lands of great mediæval families. It was the case after the First World War, when thousands of estates and great houses were sold owing to the pressure of taxation and the cost of living, but in almost every case to buyers who intended to live on them and in them.

First of all it must be noted that the pleasures of country life do not seem to be less appreciated than formerly. If there are fewer people working on the land, the cause is largely the growth of mechanisation in agriculture, which has drawn into the factories that make farm machinery many men, or at least a great deal of man-power, earlier to be found on the farms themselves.

In wealthier circles there has appeared a type which is virtually new, the week-end farmer, who engages in an urban profession or business five days a week and manages a farm on the other two. He is common in London but also to be found in Liverpool, Manchester, and other cities. Sometimes he has a habitation in the city, but he often travels up daily by train, "commuting" from distances over which the "daily-breader" seldom travelled before the war. He is often quite a good farmer, occasionally better than those who give all their time to the job. It is not his fault, but it is a misfortune, that he drives up the price of small farms with good houses, near the main stations with good railway services, to extraordinary heights. As for the true week-end, he makes very long journeys. I know of one who arrives home in Wales after ten o'clock on Friday night and leaves about five on Monday morning to return to work.

I have nothing against the commuters or the week-end farmers. The types which I am to-day considering particularly are, however, more closely tied to their country homes and, if they farm, do so on a relatively small scale. For them a revolution, hardly observed by outside eyes, is going on. The remarkable and sinister characteristic of this revolution is that it did not occur immediately after the Second World War. They survived that cataclysm. In some cases they moved into smaller houses; in others, they reduced their standard of life but stayed where they were. They include many families who had bought their houses not very long before the war or even during it, perhaps on retirement. The largest number of them, however, belong to the survivors of the lesser squirearchy, and some have dwelt in the same homes for generations. When the war ended, they nearly all believed that they could carry on.

It is the post-war world, post-war taxation, post-war inflation which is crushing so many of them. They did not repine over the blows inflicted by the war. They looked upon those as inevitable. Whatever else may be urged against them, they cannot be accused of grumbling about what they were called upon to pay. If they grumble now, it is because they have been gravely disappointed in expectations, which seemed reasonable at the time, that the burden would be progressively lightened. On the contrary, they are all, through the extravagance of central and local administration and the depreciation of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TWILIGHT OF THE SQUIRES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

currency, worse off than then. Many of them live a life almost of serfdom. From cock-crow to sun-down—in winter longer than that—they are tied to the care of their cows, pigs, poultry and gardens. A case which I have more than once come across is that of the gardener being dismissed, his cottage let furnished in an attempt to meet ever-increasing expenses, and the family taking over his job, or most of it. One man that I know sleeps in a tent in his orchard, in the company of a dog, while his fruit is ripening, to keep off boys who steal it on such a scale that their parents must be well aware of what they are doing and, in fact, share the proceeds.

Another disadvantage of living in more or less remote parts of the country is the splitting-up of families. In my youth I knew nothing of country life in Britain, but a good deal about it in Ireland. There there was already a shortage of young men, but a few survived. In the squire's family which was fortunate enough to have more than about three sons one sat at home unmarried and was by way of helping his father. He was generally the idlest or least enterprising

man pays out a hundred, and the bigger man a thousand, here and there without hesitation. If he is a purist he describes the process as "capital investment," copying the statesman and economist—the latter another word to alter its meaning.

People are beginning to find that one form of capital investment which until the other day seemed as safe as—shall we say, "as houses"—is so no

longer. This is the moderate country house with a small farm or land which falls short of being exceptionally good and does not suit the week-end farmer. "When I sold my house in Blankshire in 1946 and came here," a friend explained to me, "my doubt was whether I should not be cramped. Now people call this a big house. And the trouble is that I'm not the only one who finds the whole place too big. The agents say the same thing. They tell me I can't hope to get back what I paid for it and put into it. If I sell I drop money. And I shall be lucky if I get enough to pay for a place half the size. That's what people want now, half the size of this." "A big house" means something different now to what it meant a bare seven years ago. And investment in "a big house" has ceased to be prudent.

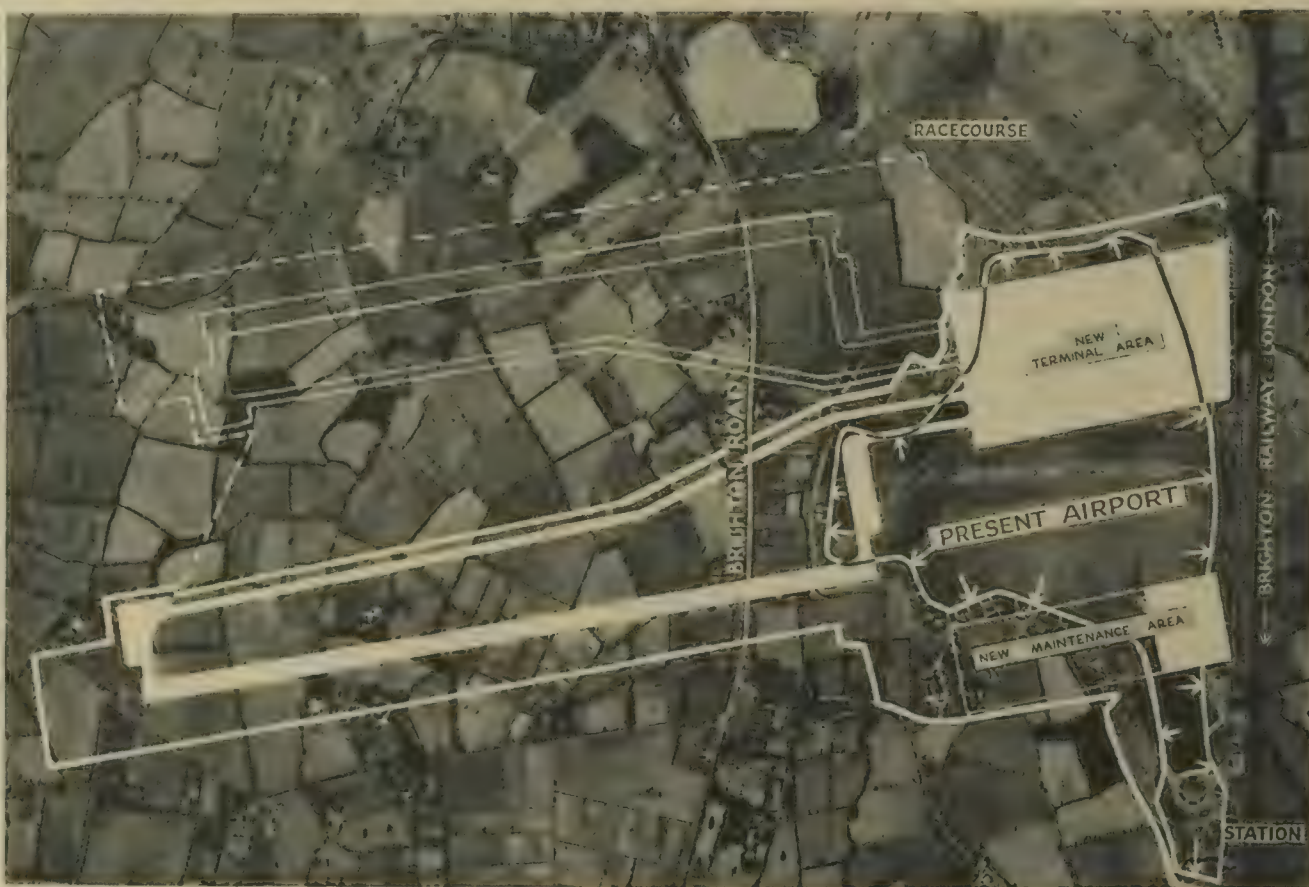
I am not trying to establish the proposition that middle-class country life is coming to an end. That would be absurd. If my friend sells his place he will lose some capital, but the house will be lived in. Yet, as things are shaping now, it is probable that the purchaser will go through the same process before

long. Unless a change should come, which looks unlikely, this process—by no means a new one but never so rapid as now—will continue at its present speed. If so, the final result, though it may not be reached for a couple of generations, will be that what used to be called "a nice little house" and is now "a big house" will be as difficult to dispose of as "a mansion." The brightest side of the situation is that farming, with a subsidy, and even horticulture, without one, can still be made to pay their way by the vigorous and capable. The big men on good land have no cause for complaint. I travelled recently in a railway carriage with three whose talk was of their pheasant shoot and the syndicate's new keeper. Rabbits and pigeons were their fathers' game. Yet I believe they are less numerous than critics of "feather-bedded farmers" suppose.

No, the proposition I am trying to establish is that a type which, through all its vicissitudes, has clung to the land is in danger of being driven off it finally within the lifetime of my grandsons. If I am right, this is indeed a revolutionary change. Historians of the countryside are constantly pointing out to us that its social and economic life has always been in a state of flux and that for centuries it has been steadily reinforced by fresh blood. Yet up to now the reinforcement has resembled that of a regiment which has suffered casualties in battle and which is capable of absorbing newcomers. I wish I could be sure that this will continue to be the case. Looking at the prospect in the year 1953, I cannot feel confident on that score.

Many people doubtless consider the change desirable. Others, inclined to regret it but holding it to be inevitable, dismiss their regret as sentimental and say that, having always evolved something worth while evolving, there is no reason why we should not continue to do so. The former I can never hope to see eye to eye with; the latter may be right. Yet I am too old-fashioned to feel enthusiasm for this particular form of evolution, because it appears to me that the type which seems to be passing away has not expended its usefulness. It has been thinned out in some districts already to such an extent that its presence is missed. If it does go, I fancy that its memory will be treated more kindly than that of its equivalents in most other countries. It will deserve a monument better than any of them.

THE PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT OF GATWICK AIRPORT.



WITH WHITE LINES INDICATING THE MODIFIED PLAN FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF GATWICK AIRPORT AS THE SOUTHERN ALTERNATIVE TO LONDON AIRPORT: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AREA.

The Government has decided to reduce the seven airports operated by the Ministry of Civil Aviation in the London area (London Airport, Northolt, Blackbushe, Bovingdon, Gatwick, Croydon and Stansted) to three—London Airport, Gatwick and Blackbushe. The necessity for a southern alternative to London Airport, and the reasons for the choice of Gatwick for this purpose, were set out in a Ministry of Civil Aviation White Paper, "London's Airports." Our air photograph of the Gatwick area indicates the modified plans for its development, which, it is estimated, will cost some £6,000,000 spread over the next seven years. The medium and thick white lines show the boundary and paved surface respectively of the first stage of the new scheme. The dotted lines indicate the boundary of the second stage of the new airport; the thin white line the paved surface, second stage; and the boundary-line of the present airport is marked by arrows. Civil flying is to stop at Northolt and Bovingdon and Stansted; Croydon will be sold. [Photograph by Air Survey Co. Ltd., of London.]

member of the brood, but quite often the most engaging and the best company. His chief activity was frequently that of buying a likely colt, making a hunter of it—his father, of course, providing the sustenance—and in due time selling it. He was doubtless useful enough about the place, but he did nothing which the present generation would regard as hard work. I doubt whether many of his kind are to be found to-day in Ireland. On this side of the Irish Sea it is not only the sons who leave the nest as soon as they are fledged. The daughters, too, are in the cities: secretaries, saleswomen, actresses, dancers. The parents of adult children find themselves alone in the country except at week-ends and during holidays.

All the time a number are giving up the struggle. The extra work mentioned above comes at a time when they are physically less able to do it. If they do manage to keep on, they certainly reap benefits in health. Though they always declare that they feel tired, they are stronger and fitter than were their parents, who had only to supervise what they do with their own hands. Clearly, large numbers do survive, but in many cases only at the cost of dipping into capital, so that the prospects of a son succeeding them are much diminished. The outlook on capital is one of the characteristics of the present which differs most from that of the near past. The Victorian thought he was imprudent if he did not increase it. The man of the fifth and sixth Georges, between the two wars, at least hoped to keep it during his lifetime, even if it were to be diminished at his death. Now the little



THREE YEARS OLD ON AUGUST 15 : PRINCESS ANNE, DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise, daughter of her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, was born at Clarence House on August 15, 1950. Her Royal Highness therefore recently celebrated her third birthday at Balmoral, where she is on holiday with her parents and her brother, Prince Charles. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were also present at the celebrations, which were to have included a picnic on the moors of the estate,

but this was cancelled because of bad weather, and the birthday tea-party was held indoors, its chief feature being a pink-iced cake with three candles. These four studies of the little Princess were taken specially for the occasion of her birthday, and she posed in the frock she wore on Coronation Day and wore a brooch of rubies and diamonds given to the Queen when a child by Queen Mary. The Princess bears a striking resemblance to Queen Mary as a child.

Studio photographs by Marcus Adams.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE: LIEUT.-COLONEL ARTHUR CAMPBELL, M.C., WHO IS NOW AN INSTRUCTOR AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY.

Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Campbell was commissioned into the Suffolk Regiment from Sandhurst in 1938 and was educated at Highfield School, Liphook, and Denstone College. From 1939 to 1940 he served on the North-West Frontier and later with the 5th Indian Division in the Arakan, and with the 2nd British Division and H.Q. 14th Army in Burma. He served in Malaya from July 1949 to October 1950 with the rank of Captain and was awarded the Military Cross, the citation stating: "During this period Captain Campbell's company has achieved many notable successes and has been responsible for killing twenty bandits and wounding many more. One of the main reasons for his success is the high standard of leadership, skill and courage displayed by this officer."

ammunition." But it isn't.

Out in that jungle whole battalions have to hack their way through dense undergrowth, full of leeches, scorpions, snakes and crocodiles, with ants waiting to strip the dead or mortally wounded to the bone: in order to "round up" a few elusive "bandits." The chances are that they may come across burnt buses and butchered girls on the roads; and then take months finding the fiends who have committed the crimes. We have thousands of troops there, including the Suffolks, with whom Colonel Campbell chiefly deals. But in that dense country it takes many to capture one. The enemy may be anywhere. Along the verge



"EVACUATING A WOUNDED MAN": A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE PROBLEM THAT ARISES WHEN A PATROL SUFFERS A CASUALTY, AND WHICH HAS BEEN SOLVED IN PART BY THE EMPLOYMENT OF HELICOPTERS.

of any road, behind the trunk of any tree, there may be a man with a rifle. And that man, based upon an ever-moving centre, is either a fanatical Communist or a man terrified lest his nearest and dearest should be murdered if he flags. In that jungle, the utterly unscrupulous and relentless cut-throats are inspired (if the word can decently be used) from the same source as the warriors in North Korea. They cut men to pieces; they burn women alive; and then they go back to fleeting jungle camps to eat their rice, listen to lectures from their Kremlin-instructed instructors, and sing "The Red Flag"—that dismal, crawling anthem which the Labour Party sang in 1945, when in mass they triumphantly invaded the House of Commons (which was then occupying the Lords Chamber), and which, surely, this respectable body of men might

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN MALAYA.

"JUNGLE GREEN"; By ARTHUR CAMPBELL, M.C.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

drop now, as well as that other melancholy moan "The Internationale" (anglicé "Internationally," to rhyme with "rally"), which mendaciously states of itself that it "unites the human race."

One aspect of this process of unification is described by Colonel Campbell, who served for some years in Malaya with the Suffolks. General Sir Gerald Templer says that it is "authentic," and says that he hopes



"THE CLIMAX, 'CHARGING A BANDIT CAMP': AN UNPOSED PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A PATROL IN ACTION IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE.

that "it will have the success it deserves": a cynic might read this as a masterly piece of Disraelian ambiguity, but one knows what the General means. Any reader, however, will be convinced from the start that the book is "authentic." Colonel Campbell says that he has, for obvious reasons, not used the real names of any persons, living or dead; that he has introduced into his narrative certain incidents "which occurred in different contexts"; and that "the incidents relating to the bandits' private lives and existence in the jungle are realistic, but their complete accuracy cannot be guaranteed, because they are necessarily based on second-hand information and incomplete, though efficient, intelligence." These honest statements are seen to be unnecessary as soon as we get into the honest book: it is evident on every page that the author is only concerned with giving a true picture of that ghastly guerilla-warfare in green glooms, and of the lives which British boys are leading in Malaya. "Boys," I say, and most of the characters are boys: National Service "men." The officers and senior N.C.O.s are Regulars: the others are mainly conscribed transients, exhibiting in those haunted shades, where the sun cannot penetrate the roof of vegetation, a courage and a capacity for endurance which would warm the hearts of all their veteran ancestors of all our wars. The British soldier, says the author, is "the hero of this book." And the British soldier, in this emergency, is not a case-hardened Kipling character but a boy fresh from school.

He has to be made into a "British Soldier," whatever his native gallantry. Sometimes, especially if he has come from an unhappy home, he is difficult to cope with; and he may have been infected by subversive propaganda. The treatment recorded by Colonel Campbell is stern but just: the worst of the training comes first, and whatever hardships the men endure the officers endure more. But when a man cracks there is patience and sympathy as well as resolution and command. A sentry left his post: "I said, 'You've got to go back. Your turn of duty takes you up to midnight, and it's only half-past ten now.' Jensen raised his voice above a whisper. He said again, 'I'm afraid, honest I am, scared bloody stiff. For Christ's sake, let me go. I want to be with me mates. I feels all right with them. It's being alone what gets me. All them bloody shadders. I don't like it. I don't want to go back there by meself.' I raised my voice too. I said: 'Shut up. You're going back. I am not going to let a coward like you endanger the lives of the whole lot of us; you've got to do it like the rest. Everybody loathes it. I do, like hell. You'll soon see that the others have got the guts to go through with it. Now, go along. I'll come with you for a bit.' I pulled the man forward by his wrists. He followed me, dragging his feet along the ground and whimpering. We reached the great tree which marked the sentry post and squatted down there side-by-side. He seemed to grow quieter. After a while I whispered: 'What is it you can see? Are they still there? Personally I can't see a damn thing, except the darkness and a few fireflies flitting about.' Jensen did not answer

until I jogged his elbow, then he whispered: 'Well, Sir, I don't seem to see them now, but I swear they was here before you come. Don't push off just yet, Sir; hang on a bit. I'll be settled in a couple of minutes.' In a couple of minutes of understanding conversation settled he was. A lance-corporal who threw up the sponge and had his stripe taken away was treated with the same medicine of force and sympathy and turned into a lion. In another place and age he might have been shot, and everybody would have said that he had asked for it. But then, possibly, he would have been a volunteer, which makes a difference.

Colonel Campbell has a good eye for terrain, human and earthly, and an acute one for detail. His descriptive pages are as graphic as any documentary film, and, in an easy and natural way, he produces effects by contrast. We turn at times from carnage, danger, famishment, exhausting struggle to civilised, if fleeting, repose in a planter's house; from storm and primeval darkness to "bright lights" of the most familiar kind. Out of the jungle they came, and into a dance-hall with a bar. "Bevies of taxi-girls sat, patiently waiting, in the shadows round the walls. Most of them were Chinese girls, wearing gaily-coloured pyjamas which clung to their slim, flat figures. Some were Malay girls, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, always smiling. They wore short cotton frocks which whirled high as they span round on the dance-floor, showing

glimpses of firm, young thighs and gaudy panties. The girls were all good dancers and knew every modern step. Jitterbugging was the vogue. At this the Chinese and Malay men were as skilful as the many British soldiers. The music played continuously, and the floor was crowded all the time with moving figures which could be seen but dimly through the haze of heat and smoke and the subdued lighting. They looked like so many puppets manipulated on strings by powerful hands hidden high up in the dark cavern of the roof. There were many there whom these same hands would remove, all too soon, from the cheerful scene of that bizarre playground back to the green gloom of the jungle. Jim and I were two. We had half-escaped only for a short evening."

Two pages after that we come to a bus in which two men and a woman had been tied and burnt and "did not die quietly."—One of the bandits, who appeared to be their leader, had told the passengers before he went away, that burning was the fate of all who dared inform against Liew Kim Book, or against



"A PATROL APPROACHES A CLEARING": A TENSE MOMENT DURING A PATROL IN THE HEART OF THE MALAYAN JUNGLE. NO ONE CAN TELL WHEN A PATROL MAY BE AMBUSHED OR JUST WHERE A BANDIT CAMP WILL BE ENCOUNTERED, AND THE PATROL MOVES IN COMPLETE SILENCE AND AT THE ALERT FOR INSTANT ACTION.

Illustrations reproduced from "Jungle Green"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, George Allen and Unwin Ltd.

any of his men; burning—or worse." And a few pages after that there is one of the most ghastly hand-to-hand fights-to-the-death which I have ever come across. Truth can be nastier than fiction, but it should be faced.

There is no attempt at "fine writing" in this book; but I don't think it could have been better written.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 302 of this issue.



AFTER FALLING 80 FT. INTO THE RIVER IRK: THE STEEL COACH OF THE ELECTRIC TRAIN WHICH COLLIDED WITH A STEAM TRAIN ON THE IRK VALLEY VIADUCT ON AUGUST 15, CAUSING TEN DEATHS.

A head-on collision between a steam train proceeding from Manchester to Bacup and an electric train on its way from Bury to Manchester occurred at 7.40 a.m. on August 15 at a junction on the Irk Valley Viaduct, about a mile from Victoria Station, Manchester. A steel coach of the electric train crashed through the viaduct wall, hung for a moment before the coupling snapped, and then fell into the river below. Some passengers were thrown into the water, and many were trapped. Ten people were killed and sixty injured, one seriously. Emergency

services were quickly in action, and rescue workers struggled in the water to save passengers. Eleven hours after the collision the shattered coach was dragged from the water. It was expected that a private inquiry would be opened in Manchester on August 17. Another railway accident occurred on August 16. The engine and eight of the nine coaches of the 9.28 a.m. express from Bradford to Bristol were derailed near Tamworth, but there was no loss of life, and only one passenger was detained in hospital.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE NOBLEST SEA-ANEMONE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE noblest, the most beautiful of all sea-anemones is the plumose anemone. The words take us back nearly two centuries, for it was in these terms that John Ellis wrote in 1768, O. F. Müller in 1789, and Philip Henry Gosse in 1860: and others, too, no doubt. In addition to its æsthetic appeal, moreover, the species has been the subject of more scientific investigation than any other anemone. The species is, perhaps, less well known to-day than it was a hundred years ago, for Gosse assures us that "There are probably thousands of specimens of this fine anemone living in the aquariums of Great Britain and Ireland . . . [where they] . . . continue to live and flourish, expanding and erecting themselves with the greatest freedom." These last are almost prophetic words. Gosse also affirmed that "no British species is more readily preserved in confinement." But to claim the species as British is to take a somewhat insular view, for the plumose anemone (*Metridium senile*) is found from the Atlantic coasts of France northwards to the Arctic, along the coasts of Scandinavia, Murmansk, and Siberia, as well as along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of North America.

Metridium has the usual erect, cylindrical body, but the tentacles are fine and numerous, and are carried on lobes, so that they have the appearance of miniature plumes. Although its tentacles are armed with the usual batteries of stinging cells, it appears to feed on micro-organisms sifted from the water, but it will take solid food, especially when young. Its colour is very variable, from pure white to cream, flesh-coloured, pale orange, salmon and red, to brown, olive and yellow. In size it ranges from small buttons an inch across, and the same height, to giant forms. Ricketts and Calvin, for example, in "Between Pacific Tides," refer to one, taken in 60 fathoms, that "filled a ten-gallon crock when expanded." For the most part, however, the plumose anemone grows in the shallower off-shore waters, and is sometimes seen growing under overhanging ledges at extreme low tide. In many features of the anatomy, such as the numbers of the mesenteries, the shape and size of the tentacles and the lobes bearing them, and the shape and size of the stinging cells, as well as their distribution on the animal, there is a marked variability. So although *Metridium* is well characterised, its precise identification is often a matter of some difficulty to the taxonomist because of its many guises. Two of these, more especially, call for comment, and one of them affords an interesting comparison between the work of the early naturalists and that of their successors to-day.

This anemone reproduces in the normal way, with eggs discharged into the sea, but the more common method appears to be by self-laceration. This has been summarised by Stephenson in his beautiful two-volume work on British sea-anemones, published in 1935 by the Ray Society. "First, it has been shown that many of the double specimens observed are not, as was formerly thought, stages in a slow process of fission, but are embryonic double monsters, results of injury, etc. The cases of 'budding' recorded are also, many of them, results of injury or abnormal

laceration, rather than true examples of budding." On the other hand, when a large specimen has been fixed for some time at the same spot, it may move away, gliding slowly on its base, and leaving behind irregular fragments of this base. There is the appearance that the animal was so firmly fixed that it could only move by tearing itself away from its support. The fragments left behind contract, become smooth and spherical in outline and in the course of a week or two develop tentacles and become transformed into minute but otherwise perfect anemones. In addition, it may sometimes happen that such a fragment, more

Stephenson records that "Evans has had under observation a colony of small individuals at North Berwick for seventeen years, during which time there has been no apparent change of size or numbers (yet) the specimens are sexually mature, since one that was transferred to his aquarium twice spawned there."

I referred earlier to the prophetic nature of some of Gosse's words, and it is worth quoting others of his in the light of recent researches, especially those, in this country, of C. F. A. and A. M. P. Pantin and of E. J. Batham. Gosse, after speaking of the beauty of the fully-expanded anemone, continues: "The button will sometimes shrink to an abject flatness, scarcely more than an eighth of an inch in height . . . in this condition it is almost a repulsive object, but perhaps in a quarter of an hour you look at it again, and

the change seems magical. The animal has risen, and swollen, and distended its body with clear water, till the tissues appear plump, and almost transparent; it now forms a noble, massive column, some five inches high and three thick, from which the delicate frilled disk expands, and arches over on every side, like the foliated crown of a palm-tree. Then again, on some cause of alarm, real or supposed, it will suddenly draw in its beautiful array of frills, contract around them its parapet and assume a distended bladder-like figure, with the clustering tentacles just protruding from the slightly open aperture. It is under the veil of night that the anemones in general expand most readily and fully. While the glare of day is upon them, they are often chary of displaying their blossomed beauties; but an hour of darkness will often suffice to overcome the reluctance of the coyest. The species before us (*i.e.*, *Metridium*) is not particularly shy; it may often be seen opened to the full in broad daylight; but if you would make sure of seeing it in all the gorgeousness of its magnificent bloom, visit your tank with a candle an hour or two after nightfall."

Pantin, and Pantin and Batham, using the modern resources in place of a

candle, kept continuous watch on *Metridium*. They observed it at all hours of the day by direct vision; they fastened levers to the anemone so that all its movements could be continuously recorded on a smoked drum; and they made a cinematograph film of it which, when speeded up sixty times, revealed the anemone to be in constant motion, its movements following a well-defined pattern. It had, as they called it, an inherent rhythm of activity which was independent of any external stimulus. They found that in aquaria kept at constant temperature, free of food, protected from vibration or any other source of disturbance, the rhythm was still maintained.

It is worth quoting the words of one of these workers, if only to contrast the change in tone over a century: "We may conclude that the very slow responses of *Metridium* involve a complex neuro-muscular pattern of inherent activities involving reciprocal inhibition and the successive activities of two antagonistic muscular systems. The whole pattern is already there in the normal animal, though usually only released by the presence of food."



SHOWING SEVERAL TYPICAL POSTURES, OR STAGES IN AN INHERENT RHYTHM OF ACTIVITY: THE PLUMOSE SEA-ANEMONE (*Metridium senile*), DESCRIBED AS "THE NOBLEST, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL SEA-ANEMONES."

Sea-anemones give the impression of being usually static, only responding by movement to the presence of food and to external disturbance. Recent researches show that one species, at least, is in a state of constant movement following a defined pattern. In other words, it is constantly tuned-up and able to respond rapidly to an external stimulus.

Photographs by permission of Dr. C. F. A. Pantin, F.R.S.

irregular than usual, will constrict, forming two smaller fragments, connected by an isthmus, which gradually becomes reduced to a thread and finally separates, to give two perfect anemones.

Groups of small anemones so formed bear a resemblance to others of small dimensions and found, especially, between tide-marks. These are regarded as dwarf races, and it is not very clear whether there is any connection between the two phenomena. That there are dwarf races is, however, fairly certain.

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THE GREEK EARTHQUAKE DISASTER: VIEWS OF DEVASTATED ARGOSTOLI.



WITH CLOUDS OF DUST RISING FROM THE COLLAPSING BUILDINGS: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF ARGOSTOLI, CAPITAL OF CEPHALONIA, TAKEN DURING THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS ON AUGUST 12, WHEN WALLS LEFT STANDING BY THE PREVIOUS TREMORS DISINTEGRATED INTO MOUNDS OF RUBBLE, BLOCKING THE THOROUGHFARES OF THE TOWN.



WHERE 300 BODIES HAD BEEN RECOVERED FROM THE RUINS BY AUGUST 16: AN AERIAL VIEW OF ARGOSTOLI SHOWING BUILDINGS REDUCED TO PILES OF RUBBLE AND OTHERS SO DAMAGED THAT THEY MAY HAVE TO BE PULLED DOWN AND REBUILT.

On the frontispiece of this issue we illustrate the ruins of the capital of Zante after the southern Ionian Islands had been devastated by a series of earthquake shocks which started on August 9 and continued at intervals until August 16, the first day that no tremors were felt. In five days more than 120 shocks

were registered in the area. At Argostoli, capital of Cephalonia, the damage was reported to be "incalculable," and by August 16 300 bodies had been recovered from the ruins. British and U.S. naval ratings and sailors from the New Zealand cruiser *Black Prince* were extensively engaged on relief work.

THE GREEK EARTHQUAKES: SCENES OF DEVASTATION ON THE ISLAND OF ZANTE.



AT ANCHOR OFF ZAKINTHOS, WHICH MAY BE SEEN UNDER A PALL OF SMOKE FROM FIRES THE CRUISER *GAMBIA*, WHICH LANDED FIRE-FIGHTING PARTIES.



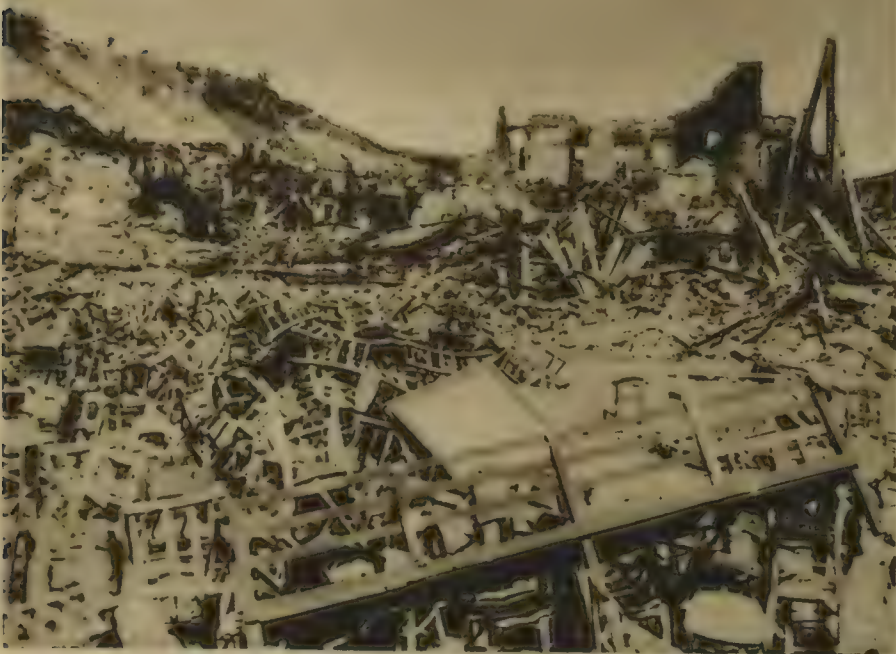
ONE OF THE FEW BUILDINGS STILL STANDING ON ZANTE: A BANK BUILT OF CONCRETE SURROUNDED, IN GRIM CONTRAST, BY THE RUBBLE FROM COLLAPSED BUILDINGS.



WHERE FIRE AND FLOOD ADDED TO THE HORRORS OF ALMOST CONTINUOUS EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF ZAKINTHOS ON AUGUST 12.



BEARING COMPARISON WITH THE WORST HORRORS OF WORLD WAR II.: THE TOWN OF ZAKINTHOS AFTER THE FIRST EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS, AN INFERNO OF SMOKE, FLAME AND DUST.



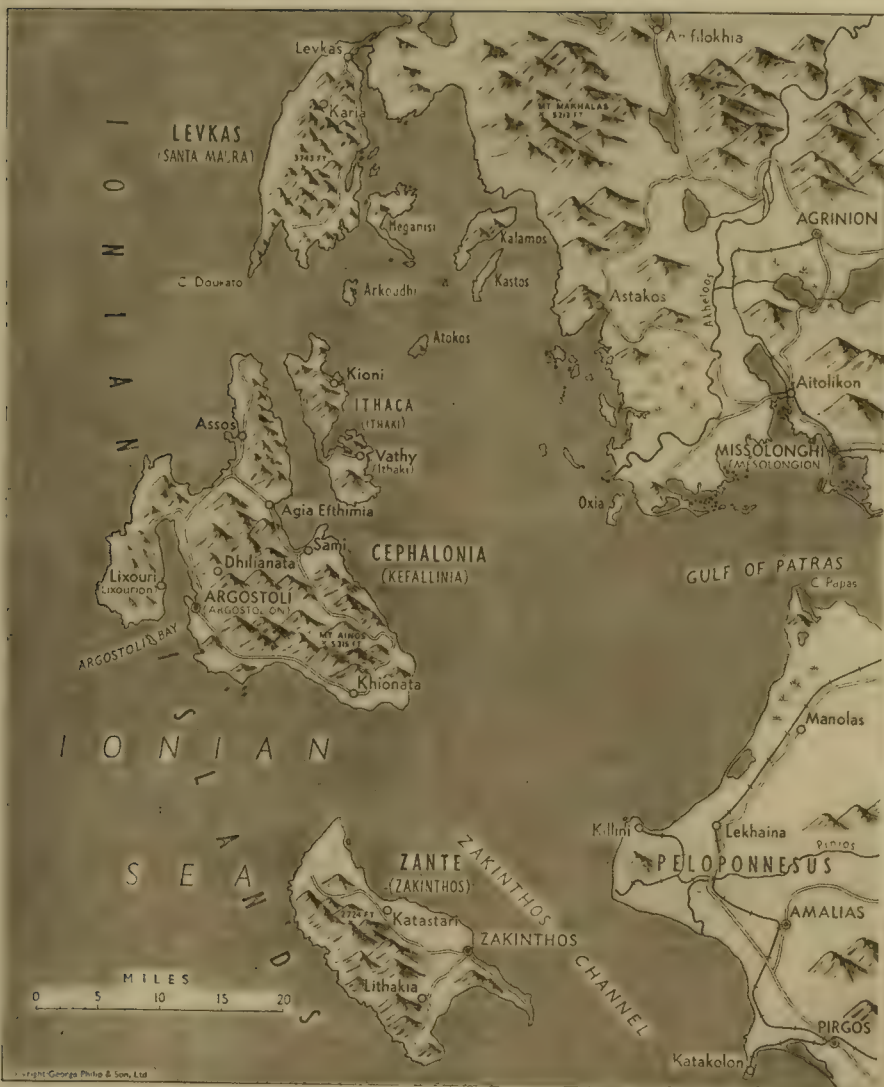
UNSUITED FOR A TRAGEDY STAGED BY NATURE: THE RUINS OF A THEATRE ON THE ISLAND OF ZANTE, A MOUND OF RUBBLE AND PILED-UP CHAIRS.

Zakynthos, the capital of the island of Zante, was almost completely destroyed by the Greek earthquakes, and the British cruiser *Gambia* was diverted to the scene of the disaster while on passage from the Canal Zone to Malta, and on arrival reported to the Admiralty that three-quarters of the town had burned.



CRUMPLED AND TORN BY THE SERIES OF EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS: THE DOCKSIDE AT ZAKINTHOS WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT OF THE TREMORS.

out, the remainder was in ruins and half of the inhabitants had been evacuated to near-by hills. The cruiser landed working parties and fire-fighting parties, which were of great assistance in unloading stores from a Greek landing-ship and in assembling injured persons for evacuation to the mainland.



THE AREA WHERE A SERIES OF EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS HAVE CAUSED GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AND INCALCULABLE DAMAGE: A MAP OF THE SOUTHERN IONIAN ISLANDS.

THE GREEK EARTHQUAKES: SCENES ON CEPHALONIA AFTER THE DISASTER.



WHERE THOUSANDS ARE HOMELESS AND 50,000 PEOPLE WERE WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER: A VIEW OF ARGOSTOLI, CAPITAL OF CEPHALONIA.



USED FOR THE TRANSPORT OF SICK AND INJURED TO THE MAINLAND: A U.S. AIR FORCE HELICOPTER MAKING A LANDING IN ARGOSTOLI ON AUGUST 14, WITH SHATTERED BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND. HELICOPTERS WERE ALSO BROUGHT FROM MALTA.



SEARCHING THEIR DAMAGED HOMES FOR POSSIBLE SURVIVORS AFTER THE INITIAL EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS: INHABITANTS OF SAMI, ON CEPHALONIA.

Words can hardly describe the extent of the disaster which has befallen the southern Ionian Islands following days of almost continuous earthquake shocks accompanied by tidal waves and, in some towns, fire. H.M.S. *Daring* was sent to Argostoli from Malta with doctors, medical supplies and rescue equipment. Here they found 50,000 people were without food and water and many more without



WITH A FEW CLOTHES SALVAGED FROM THE MOUND OF RUBBLE THAT WAS ONCE HER HOME: A GREEK WOMAN IN LIXOURI, ON THE ISLAND OF CEPHALONIA.

shelter. *Daring* reported: "The people are amazingly calm and for the most part stand quite quietly waiting for us to do whatever we can. There are a few English-speaking residents who are doing splendid work as interpreters, and we are getting gangs of local men organised carrying our supplies from the jetty to distribution centres." (Copyright map by George Philip and Son, Ltd.)

THE GREEK
TRAGEDY:
AN AERIAL
VIEW OF
ZAKINTHOS,
A DESERT OF
CRUMBLIED
BRICK
WREATHED IN
SMOKE FROM
INNUMERABLE
FIRES.

ON August 17 it was reported that after a day free of earthquake shocks Athens Observatory had registered fifteen more earth tremors, one of some severity. At the same time, General Dimitrios Iatrides, in charge of the Greek rescue operations, officially gave the death-roll in the islands as 600, with reports from Zante as yet incomplete. It is believed that about 700 people have been seriously injured. Zakynthos, capital of the island of Zante, has suffered great damage from fires that broke out after the initial earthquake shocks and helped to complete the work of destruction, and were still burning when the photograph reproduced here was taken on August 16. The cruiser *Bermuda* was sent from Malta to the island and ratings were landed to assist the local authorities in settling refugees into two camps on the beach, while others fought the outbreak of fire or drove lorries inland with supplies for remote villages. Later it was reported that cases of looting had occurred in Zakynthos and that thirty-five people had been arrested. American and British helicopters have proved of great value in evacuating sick and injured to the mainland, while U.S. aircraft have been dropping food in rural districts.



WITH FIRES STILL BURNING IN THE STRICKEN TOWN—AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ZAKINTHOS, ON THE ISLAND OF ZANTE, TAKEN ON AUGUST 16, WHERE NAVAL RATINGS FROM THE CRUISER *BERMUDA* HAVE BEEN ENGAGED IN FIRE-FIGHTING AND RELIEF WORK.



THE small boy who lurks in all of us is normally delighted to watch dignified old gentlemen chasing their hats in a high wind or slipping on banana-skins in the days when bananas were more common objects than they have been in recent years. It should be equally entertaining, and is unquestionably salutary,



FIG. 1. AN INTERESTING AND AUTHENTIC CHAIR—WITH A FAR-FROM-AUTHENTIC ROMANTIC STORY: A LIBRARY CHAIR IN WHICH BOGUS POEMS BY GAY WERE "PLANTED."

On this page Frank Davis tells the story of a literary hoax which successfully took in many people, and even the Victoria and Albert Museum. The chair we illustrate, reproduced in our issue of March 28, when it was described as having been once owned by the poet Gay (1685-1732), contained a drawer beneath the seat in which a Mr. Henry Lee, of Nottingham, jestingly concealed manuscript verses in Gay's style addressed to the chair—and got away with his joke. The chair itself, an authentic and interesting piece, once belonged to a descendant of Gay's sister, Catherine Baller, so it had some family connection.

to watch oneself performing similar unrehearsed acrobatics. I have recently been the victim of this brand of circumstance, because, believe it or not, I am rather an innocent character and easily led astray by persons whom long experience encourages me to respect. In this instance, a banana-skin was carelessly discarded under my feet by no less a respectable old lady than the Victoria and Albert Museum, who has always been more than an indulgent grandmother to me and whom one would not imagine to be in the least likely to play such a trick. But as she herself had already come a purler on that same banana-skin, it would be kinder not to criticise, but rather to join with her in mutual commiseration. Hear, then, the story of my downfall—and hers.

In 1948 the chair of Fig. 1 was acquired by the Museum as an early example of a type of library chair—one on which you sit astride, leaning your elbows on the arms and facing the back—an excellent example of about 1730-40, not up till then represented in the collection. It appeared on this page on March 28, when the absurd idea that it was a so-called "cock-fighting chair" was, I hope, laughed out of court. But though no one had ever paid any serious attention to the cock-fighting nonsense, the Museum, in addition to acquiring an interesting and authentic chair, had, in fact, acquired with it a far from authentic romantic story, which was published in the Museum's own book, "The English Chair," in 1948—a story which, after more than a century of acceptance by all the best people, now turns out to be a deliberate and hilarious literary forgery by a retired theatrical manager who, in his Memoirs, noted with commendable candour that he preserved "adherence to the cause of truth wherever it can be serviceable, and occasional indulgence of the

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TRUTH AND EMBROIDERY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

fancy where it can be exercised without any ill consequences."

This ingenious and lively character was one Henry Lee, of Nottingham, who was born in 1763 and published his "Memoirs of a Manager: Life's Stage with New Scenery," in 1830. In addition to the above and a comic opera, there were some books of verses, and among them a slim volume entitled "Gay's Chair," in which ten poems, including a piece called "To My Chair," are ascribed to John Gay, while the remaining three are admitted by Lee to be from his own pen. In fact, they are all by Lee, as was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Geoffrey Faber in an appendix to the Oxford edition of John Gay, 1926. But it is one thing to foist upon an innocent world a series of forged poems, and another to have them accepted. This Henry Lee accomplished in the following way, and must have enjoyed himself immensely, playing a double trick upon his contemporaries and upon posterity. Having imitated Gay's style and his handwriting, he set about looking for a suitable hiding-place in which the poems could be discovered. What more suitable than a chair which might, by the exercise of a little imagination, be considered to have belonged to the poet? Now Gay, though he had worked mostly in London, was a Barnstaple man; he had died in 1732, but his memory was still green in the district and there were naturally various members of his family who would be interested in any relic connected with him. What does the poet say himself?—the poet, that is, in the bogus verses of Mr. Lee:

Surrounded by my friends, secure from foes,
By thee upheld, I calmly seek repose,
Soothed by thy comfort, my ideas spread,
Aerial forms assemble round my head.

So Mr. Lee looked about him and found a chair at a sale in 1818 which had, in fact, once belonged to a descendant of Gay's sister, Catherine Baller. It didn't quite correspond with the description given above, but it had at least some connection with the family and—what was equally important—it contained a drawer beneath the seat, behind which was a small compartment obviously made for romantic discoveries. So the ingenious Mr. Lee casually added a few lines to the bogus Gay poem, "To My Chair," which he considered more suitable:

My study thou, my favourite resting-place!
My tabernacle where I pray for grace!
My spouse! For in thine arms I oft recline,

and so forth; placed the bogus manuscript behind the drawer, sent the chair to be repaired and allowed the cabinet-maker, Mr. Richard Crook, of Barnstaple, to find it.

That was the beginning of a hoax which has been a success for more than a century, and I for one raise a respectful hat to Henry, not for having deceived the likes of you and me over so long a

period, but for having persuaded so sceptical an old party as our venerable V. and A. to swallow it, hook, line and sinker. Note again, please—there is nothing wrong with the chair; it is merely the story which is a complete fabrication, and the whole history of the hoax is an amusing example of how we cling hopelessly to legends in defiance of their inherent improbability, much as for many years everyone firmly believed that the thirteenth-century beaker of Islamic glass on loan to the Museum and long known as The Luck of Edenhall (Fig. 2), possessed magical properties:

If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall

—a pretty invention which we apparently owe to William Hutchinson, historian of Durham, about the year 1794.

Similarly, in Victorian times, Burton-on-Trent solemnly nailed a rhyming ghost-story signed J.S. to a late Gothic timber called Finny's Post. We have rarely been satisfied with things as they are, but must needs make them older than they could be, which is why, before 1827, somebody carved the fake



FIG. 2. FOR MANY YEARS BELIEVED TO POSSESS MAGICAL QUALITIES: "THE LUCK OF EDENHALL," A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BEAKER OF ISLAMIC GLASS.

The legend that the thirteenth-century beaker of Islamic (Syrian) glass preserved at Edenhall, Cumberland, since the Middle Ages was "The Luck of Edenhall" was believed for many years; but, writes Frank Davis, this is "a pretty invention which we apparently owe to William Hutchinson, historian of Durham, about the year 1794." It is a beautiful and genuine object now on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Sir Courtenay Musgrave, Bart.



FIG. 3. ELIZABETHAN, AND FAMOUS IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: THE GREAT BED OF WARE, ON WHICH THE FAKE DATE OF 1463 WAS CARVED BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

"We have rarely been satisfied with things as they are, but must needs make them older than they could be, which is why, before 1827, somebody carved the fake date 1463 on the Great Bed of Ware which is, in fact, of the sixteenth century." It is mentioned in "Twelfth Night."

Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

date 1463 on the Great Bed of Ware (Fig. 3), which is, in fact, of the sixteenth century. Thomas Love Peacock, in making fun of the romantic antiquarians of his generation, did not have to exaggerate overmuch; to-day we are more sceptical, but, as you see, are still occasionally vulnerable, though not for very long—there are numerous bright brains about to point out where we played a wrong card. The bed itself is quite interesting enough without the fabrication of a false date. The canopy retains traces of painted decoration, while in the back are two panels of marquetry representing Tudor buildings, with swans on ornamental water in the foreground. It has undergone rough usage at various periods, including innumerable impressions in red wax from fob seals and rings, and names and dates carved on the posts, commemorating the visits of travellers from about the middle of the seventeenth century. The original cornice has been replaced in comparatively recent times, and the posts have been reduced in height, probably to enable the bed to stand within a low room. In 1764 it was removed from the Crown Inn at Ware to the Saracen's Head in the same town, and prior to its acquisition for the Museum in 1931, had stood in a building attached to Rye House, Hoddesdon, for about fifty years.

KOREAN ARMISTICE, A MILITARY CONFERENCE AND A LONDON AMENITY



THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS OF WAR IN KOREA FOLLOWING THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE UNITED NATIONS ARRIVAL-POINT WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, HELICOPTERS FOR TRANSPORTING WOUNDED AND SICK; AND AMBULANCES AND TRUCKS IN THE FOREGROUND.

Our photograph gives an idea of the arrangements for the reception of United Nations prisoners of war at Panmunjom. The helicopters transported wounded or sick; and ambulances took P.O.W.s to

"Freedom Village." It was announced on August 13 that the troopship *Asturias*, bringing British P.O.W.s home, would sail from Kure on August 18 and was due to reach Southampton on Sept. 17



THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF'S THREE-DAY STUDY PERIOD ON THE USE OF ATOMIC WEAPONS IN WAR: A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND SCIENTISTS WHO ATTENDED EXERCISE "FOR'ARD ON" AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY AT WHICH LEADING MILITARY PERSONALITIES WERE PRESENT.

Field Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., held Exercise "For'ard On" at the Staff College, Camberley, from August 11 to 13 to consider the use in war of atomic weapons. Those who attended included Field Marshal Lord Alexander, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Mr. Head, the Secretary of State

for War; Sir John Cockcroft, Britain's Atomic Chief, General Gruenther, General Mohd Ayub Khan, C-in-C., Pakistan Army, and General Rajendra Sinhi, C-in-C., Indian Army. Problems connected with Shelter, Dispersal, Guided Missiles and Training were considered.



LONDON'S NEW GARDEN ON THE SOUTH BANK: A VIEW OF THE PROMENADE GAY WITH FLOWER-BEDS, AND PROVIDED WITH SEATS, WHICH OCCUPIES THE SITE WHERE THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN WAS HELD TWO YEARS AGO. A SMALL LANDING-STAGE FOR RIVER STEAMERS IS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE OF OUR PHOTOGRAPH.

The belated sunshine of last week gave full value to the attractions of the new garden and promenade which Londoners may now enjoy on the south side of the Thames, on the site which was

occupied by the Festival of Britain two years ago. The flower-beds make a splendidly gay display and the lawns have been planted with a number of small trees.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TO my sincere regret I have recently come to the conclusion that the hybrid "Daphne Somerset" is not the almost perfect shrub that I had imagined it to be. It has many

virtues, but one grave fault. It is too successful, and suffers accordingly. Let me explain. Six years ago I planted in my garden a young 6-in. pot-grown specimen of "Daphne Somerset." I put it in a 2-ft. bed, with a low wall behind and lawn in front. The soil was shocking, stiff, stony, limey, but that apparently was exactly what "Somerset" liked. It grew at once into a round, shapely bush, and flowered like mad each spring. Tufty masses of fragrant pale-pink blossoms clustered among the leaves, all up the upper part of every stem. The shrub is semi-deciduous, losing most of its leaves each autumn. Unfortunately, it is in rather too great a hurry to produce its fresh crop of leaves in spring, with the result that the blossoms are rather cluttered up among the foliage. That, however, is not the fault of which I complain. After flowering, and making its fresh growth this year, my "Somerset," as seen from the south, was wholly satisfactory, a truly magnificent and perfect specimen. It had formed a symmetrical dome, about 4 ft. high and well over 6 ft. across. But round on the other side it was a very different story. The thick trunk, branching an inch or two above ground-level, had developed three branches, the greatest of which is thicker

than my wrist. From the sheer weight of its over-exuberant growth, the bush had flopped over to the south and split its main trunk in two. In spite of this ugly self-inflicted injury, the plant had remained perfectly healthy and vigorous. But I knew perfectly well what it intended to do. In a garden not many miles away, there is a much older specimen of "Daphne Somerset" which has flopped in exactly the same way as mine, but has had time to grow and sprawl over a distance of 10 or 12 ft. That sort of thing is all very well in a position where there is ample sprawling space, with no neighbour plants to be smothered. But my own specimen, spreading out from its bed on to lawn, could only become more and more of a nuisance, and look more and more unsightly as the years passed. This could not be allowed to continue. I decided that "Daphne Somerset" should become a living sacrifice, a martyr guinea-pig in the interests of horticultural science, knowing well that, in the process, I, too, must become a martyr—to unpopularity on the home front. Nothing daunted, I took my biggest secateurs in one hand, a saw in the other, and my courage in both, and pruned the whole bush hard back to within a foot of the ground. A truly hideous major operation, akin to amputating the whole of a human just above the ankles.

But I refused to allow "Somerset" to go on, year after year, rubbing in the fact that I had originally planted it, unwisely, in an unsuitable position. Nor was I prepared to endure its becoming more unsightly and more of a nuisance. At any rate, I have learnt one thing by this episode, and there is a remote possibility that I may, at the same time, have discovered a useful thing about the cultivation of this "Daphne." I have learnt that, in view of its rapid growth and very soft wood, great care should be taken in choosing a site when planting it. But I am hoping that "Somerset's" mutilated stump may, so to speak, sprout from the ankles, and soon grow again into a nice bushy bush. If that happens I shall have

DAPHNE SOMERSET.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

learnt a valuable lesson in the cultivation of an otherwise almost perfect shrub. If it shows itself capable of sprouting and regenerating when cut hard back, it should be possible to keep "Daphne Somerset" within bounds by annual pruning after flowering, just as the cytisus (brooms) may be, should be, but too seldom are, kept bushy by pruning back each year directly after flowering. If cut back in this way from the first, they will remain bushy, floriferous and attractive for many years. If left unpruned, they soon come to live up to their common name—broom. They

and that again by his obstinacy. He refused to accept or act on my advice, for which, therefore, I charged him an extra guinea. Some "Daphnes" will break when pruned hard back and some won't. For instance. A month or two ago I lifted and potted-up a bush of *Daphne odora*. It had grown to a height of 3 ft.—planted in the open air—but showed no inclination to flower well in the position I had given it. Having planted it in a 9-in. pot, I cut it down to a height of

6 ins., and kept it in an unheated greenhouse. Within a few weeks the stump was bristling with young shoots. Although *Daphne odora* is usually treated as a greenhouse shrub, it grows and flowers well in the open air in many parts of the country—here in the Cotswolds for one. I felt, however, that I would prefer mine kept as a relatively compact and bushy specimen in a pot, which could be brought into the house when in blossom, and kept more or less in the background at other times. I sincerely hope that "Daphne Somerset" will vindicate my brutal experimental treatment as promptly and cheerfully as *D. odora* has.

Another matter. Wasps.

The wasp season is rapidly approaching. In some parts of the country it has probably already arrived, and I take it you detest the brutes as heartily as I do. Their menacing visitations to the breakfast marmalade, their burrowings into apples, plums and any other fruit that is about, their flight when alarmed through

the open breakfast-room door, and their quick return with two or three pals. And how cleverly they dodge a fly-swatter! A wasp, swatted on the wing, is almost as great a satisfaction as a dropped goal or a smashed lob. How infinitely more satisfactory, therefore, to destroy a whole nest of wasps, several hundreds or thousands of them, at one swipe with the swatter. I will tell you how you can do it or, at any rate, how to swat hundreds of thousands of potential wasps at one swipe. At a certain time in late spring or early summer, one sees single, solitary wasps prospecting around the garden and the house. These, we are told, are queen wasps, which, during the next few months, will become the mothers of all the thousands of marauding wasps of late summer. One of these queens killed in early summer represents one less wasps' nest housing a swarm of the brutes later on. But to go about in early summer armed with a fly-swatter on the off-chance of meeting a queen wasp is too vague a quest. The thing to do is to keep an eye on the one place in the garden where queen wasps gather. That place is the bush of *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, pushing its fan-like branches up your house. The flowering of this attractive shrub coincides with the appearance of queen wasps. Often two or three may be seen at once, battenning on the nectar of the myriads of small white blossoms. That is your opportunity. This spring I had most successful slaughtering on my cotoneaster. Not keeping a game book, I have no record of what the bag was. But it must have been more than half-a-dozen brace, and that translated into wasps' nests in September represents a vast amount of exasperation and damaged fruit and food. I hung a fly-swatter close to the cotoneaster for the whole of the queen wasp season ready for instant action at any minute.

If there is no cotoneaster in your garden I strongly recommend your planting one this autumn. Blood sport apart, it is one of the most attractive shrubs that I know.



"MY 'SOMERSET,' AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH, WAS WHOLLY SATISFACTORY, A TRULY MAGNIFICENT AND PERFECT SPECIMEN. IT HAD FORMED A SYMMETRICAL DOME, ABOUT 4 FT. HIGH AND WELL OVER 6 FT. ACROSS."



"... BUT ROUND ON THE OTHER SIDE IT WAS A VERY DIFFERENT STORY. THE THICK TRUNK, BRANCHING AN INCH OR TWO ABOVE GROUND-LEVEL, HAD DEVELOPED THREE BRANCHES, THE GREATEST OF WHICH IS THICKER THAN MY WRIST. FROM THE SHEER WEIGHT OF ITS OVER-EXUBERANT GROWTH, THE BUSH HAD FLOPPED OVER TO THE SOUTH AND SPLIT ITS MAIN TRUNK IN TWO."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

run up to a long naked stem, with a silly little besom-like broom of active growth at the top. Having reached that state it is useless to prune them hard down. That naked broom-handle will never respond by breaking into growth. With gorse, both single- and double-flowered, it is different. If left unpruned, gorse bushes eventually become leggy, with long, bare, straggling trunks. If these are topped hard back to within a foot or two of the roots, the stumps will soon bristle with young shoots, which rapidly make a fresh and floriferous bush.

I remember being consulted professionally by a client on this question of old, leggy double gorse bushes. I advised lopping them back, but no, the fellow's arrogance was only exceeded by his stupidity,

SCIENCE, STRIFE AND RELIGION: SUBMARINE, AIR AND LAND EVENTS.



LEAVING ITS PARENT VESSEL BEFORE MAKING A RECORD OCEAN DESCENT: THE BATHYSCAPE SNRS 3., IN WHICH TWO FRENCH OFFICERS MADE A DIVE OF OVER 1½ MILES.

On August 14 the naval bathyscaphe SNRS 3., manned by Lieut.-Commander Houot and Engineer Officer Willm, based on Toulon, reached a depth of 6890 ft., breaking its own record of 5085 ft. of August 12. The bathyscaphe is not attached to its parent vessel, but sinks by the aid of weights, released for surfacing.



ON BOARD HIS 10-TON BATHYSCAPE, IN WHICH HE HOPES TO BEAT THE NEWLY-SET-UP FRENCH RECORD OCEAN DESCENT: PROFESSOR PICCARD (SEATED). Professor Piccard, the Swiss scientist, and his son Jacques hope to beat the newly-set-up French record for an ocean dive with the new bathyscaphe *Trieste*. The sixty-nine-year-old Professor is carrying out the attempt in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and hopes to achieve a dive of 13,000 ft.



CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRCRAFT: A U.S.A.F. CONVAIR XC-99 IN WESTERN GERMANY AFTER COMPLETING ITS FIRST ATLANTIC CROSSING ON AUGUST 14.

The XC-99, a transport version of the Convair B-36D heavy bomber, first flew in November 1947. On August 14 it landed at Frankfurt's Rhine Main air base after completing its first Atlantic crossing from Kelly air base, Texas. The aircraft is 182½ ft. long, with a span of 230 ft., and has a maximum speed of 300 m.p.h.

The XC-99 is powered by six 3500-h.p. engines and has a range of 8100 miles. On the Transatlantic flight it used 21,700 gallons of fuel. The giant aircraft, which was designed and built by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, carries a crew of five with a relief crew.



OBSTRUCTING THE PASSAGE OF TRAINS WITH APRICOT BOXES: SWISS FARMERS PROTESTING AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S REFUSAL TO BUY THE GREATER PART OF A RECORD HARVEST. Fruit farmers of the Canton of Wallis, Switzerland, embarrassed by a record harvest of apricots, found the Government unwilling to buy a great part of the crop and as a protest littered the line at a local railway station with empty crates and set fire to some empty carriages.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL LAY ASSEMBLY: EAST GERMANS ENJOY THEIR FIRST STOP WEST OF THE IRON CURTAIN, AT BUECHEN. The fifth German Evangelical Lay Assembly ended its four-day sessions at Hamburg on August 16. The Assembly was attended by 15,000 East Germans, who were permitted, for the first time, to travel into Western Germany by special train to attend a religious gathering.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



**AIR VICE-MARSHAL
W. A. D. BROOK.**

Killed on August 17 when his Meteor jet fighter crashed at Bradley, near Stafford. Air Vice-Marshal Brook, A.O.C. No. 3 Group, Bomber Command, since Sept. 1951 was to have become Vice-Chief of the Air Staff in September. He was formerly Deputy Chief of Staff at H.Q., Allied Air Forces, Central Europe.



THE PASHA OF MARRAKESH

El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, on August 13 launched a plan to depose the Sultan of Morocco. Gen. Guillaume and M. Vimont persuaded him to abandon this and staved off civil war. Riots occurred as a result of El Glaoui's followers proclaiming a new religious leader as Imam of the Faithful in place of the Sultan.



GENERAL ZAHEDI.

A leading figure in the attempted revolution in Persia. General Zahedi was, at the time of writing, in hiding, but continued to proclaim himself Prime Minister, appointed by Imperial decree. He was reported last year to be a rival for the Premiership and has in the past been arrested for plotting against Dr. Mossadeq.



SIGNOR T. NUVOLARI.

Died at Mantua on August 10, aged sixty. One of the greatest racing drivers known. He first won motor-cycle events and drove assorted cars to victory in minor events. Then as driver in Alfa-Romeo teams and also independently, he captured the chief racing titles, by dash and skill defeating more powerfully mounted opponents.



ADMIRAL A. W. RADFORD.

Admiral Radford on August 15 took up his appointment as Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. He was in 1948 Vice-Chief Naval Operations, and in 1949, when promoted Admiral, he became C-in-C., Pacific, and C-in-C., Pacific Fleet. For a time he was High Commissioner, Trust Territories, Pacific Islands.



GEN. MATTHEW RIDGWAY.

General Matthew Ridgway, who on August 15 took up his appointment as U.S. Army Chief of Staff, was formerly Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. He commanded the U.S. 8th Army in Korea, and from 1951-52 was C-in-C., United Nations Command. His World War II record was brilliant.



CONSOLING AND ENCOURAGING SUFFERERS FROM THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE IONIAN ISLANDS: QUEEN FREDERIKA AND KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES ON CEPHALONIA.

King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika, with their young son, the Crown Prince Constantine, visited the devastated Ionian Islands on August 14 to give comfort and encouragement to the victims and to see what progress was being made in relief work. Our photographs show their Majesties at

Argistolion, the capital of Cephalonia. Later in the day they went to Lixouri and Sami, other towns on the island, and planned to visit Zante and Ithaca. H.M. King Paul, in a message from Argistolion, asked the Greek people to show all their vitality in helping the victims, and in rebuilding the ruins.



THE MT. EVEREST CLIMBER SIR EDMUND HILLARY AND HIS FIANCEE, MISS LOUISE MARY ROSE.

The engagement of the Mt. Everest climber, Sir Edmund Hillary, to Miss Louise Mary Rose, the twenty-two-year-old daughter of Mr. G. H. Rose, President of the New Zealand Alpine Club, and Mrs. Rose, of Auckland, has been announced, and the marriage will, it is expected, take place early in September. The bride-elect is studying the viola at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.



WITH HER DAUGHTERS BARBARA, YVONNE AND DENISE (L. TO R.):

MRS. EDGAR SANDERS (LEFT), WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN PARDONED. Mrs. Sanders on August 5 saw the Hungarian Minister in London, who took a letter asking for the release of her husband to Mr. Dobi, President of the Presidential Council, Hungarian People's Republic. A Budapest broadcast on August 17 announced that the Council had pardoned him. No date for his release was given, but later it was stated that he had been expelled from Hungary. Mr. Sanders, a British business-man, the representative of the Standard Electric Company, three-and-a-half years ago was condemned to thirteen years in prison on a charge of spying.



IMPRISONED BY THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT; AND NOW PARDONED: MR. EDGAR SANDERS.

Pardoned by the Hungarian Government. Mr. Sanders was condemned by a Budapest People's Court to thirteen years in prison. Efforts for his release were unavailing, though Mr. R. Vogeler, an American colleague, was released in 1951. Last February a Hungarian offer to barter Mr. Sanders for a Malayan terrorist was refused.



ROYAL REFUGEES IN IRAQ: THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND QUEEN SURAYA, WHO HAVE LEFT THEIR COUNTRY FOLLOWING THE FAILURE OF A MILITARY COUP BY THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

On August 16 the Shah of Persia, accompanied by Queen Suraya, arrived in Baghdad by air and asked for permission to stay in Iraq for a few days before going on to Europe. At the same time it was reported that Dr. Mossadeq, the Prime Minister, had crushed an attempted coup by officers of the Imperial Guard who, on the night of August 15, had arrested the Foreign Minister, the Minister of Roads and Mr. Zirak Zadeh, a former Deputy. They failed to arrest Dr. Mossadeq, however, and his supporters, with the aid of the Army and police,

overcame the Imperial Guard. Later the Foreign Minister, Dr. Fatemi, stated: "The Shah realised he has been a traitor to the country, so he escaped." The Shah, Muhammed Riza Pahlavi, is the son of Riza Shah, who abdicated in 1941 and died in 1944. He was born in 1919 and in 1939 married Princess Fawzieh, eldest sister of Prince Farouk, the former King of Egypt. They were divorced in 1948 and in 1951 the Shah married Miss Suraya Isfandiari Bakhtiari. Major-General Zahedi (see page 292) was implicated in the attempted coup.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

CROSSING THE HERRING-POND

By ALAN DENT.

YOUR critic has for many years been longing to see the New World of New York, and is now at long last faced with the prospect of an immediate visit. He is therefore feeling agog, elated, fulfilled.

It is, in consequence, all the more mean of Providence, and the film-makers, suddenly to confront him with two films, "Dangerous Crossing" and "The Glass Wall," which show (a) the eerie perils which may beset a passenger—first-class, at that—in mid-Atlantic, and (b) the appalling difficulties confronting a refugee—admittedly a "displaced person" and a stowaway—who tries to secure so much as a single bed for a single night in New York without having first given satisfaction to the Immigration Office.

Let me look a little more closely at both these films before arriving at the far more urgent task of convincing myself that such dangers and such bans cannot possibly happen to me!

The passenger in "Dangerous Crossing" was newly-married and as pretty as Jeanne Crain can make her. It is true that she had just married a man she had known only for four weeks, and it was obvious to the purser and to the ship's captain and to us, and, in fact, to everybody except the infatuated heroine, that this bridegroom was a "wrong 'un." He takes very little direct part in the story. All he does is to escort his bride aboard the liner, carry her across the threshold of their flower-bedecked cabin, leave her for a moment to see the ship's purser about some money, and then vanish into thin and distinctly foggy air, with the parting injunction: "I'll meet you, honey, in fifteen minutes in the main-deck bar and we'll drink a toast to Us!" Twice thereafter we discern him telephoning his bride from a murky quarter of

some other questions which arise is—to make our flesh creep, and creep to an extent which makes us forget to ask for any kind of reasonable or logical explanation.



THE CLIMAX OF "THE GLASS WALL," AT THE LONDON PAVILION—"AN ENTHRALLING LITTLE PICTURE": MAGGIE (GLORIA GRAHAME) AND TOM (JERRY PARIS), THE FRIEND WHOM PETER (VITTORIO GASSMAN; CENTRE) HAD DESPAIRED OF FINDING, DISCOVER HIM AND SAVE HIM FROM LEAPING TO DEATH FROM THE TOP OF THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING. VITTORIO, A STATELESS REFUGEE REFUSED ENTRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES, HAD JUMPED SHIP AND EVADED POLICE PURSUIT WHILE HUNTING FOR TOM.

It is well done. Everything helps to frighten us almost as much as the heroine. Even the weather is in the conspiracy, for it is a peculiarly foggy crossing, and every five minutes or so the ship's foghorn is heard

uttering four notes which are almost exactly those used by Richard Strauss in "Heldenleben" when he keeps on giving a blood-freezing four-note motif to the tubas in the orchestra, thereby depicting the most sinister of all his Hero's adversaries. Miss Crain's performance, on the other hand, has not even so many as four notes. It is a remarkably well-sustained set of variations on a single note, one of extreme agitation. Never was so pretty a damsel in such unalleviated distress. She, with abundant and clever aid from her director, Joseph M. Newman, thrills us all to the marrow, and the only thing

we miss at the end of the business is something resembling an adequate explanation.

My colleagues each and all assure me that "The Glass Wall" has far more meaning to it than "Dangerous Crossing," that it is really a quite subtle piece of propaganda and not an ordinary thriller. Being deplorably but unashamedly unpolitical in my mental make-up, I am unable to discern any inner meaning. Taken at its face-value, as I take it, this is an enthralling little picture. Here is what happens as plainly as the film company's synopsis can make the story. Peter, a Hungarian refugee, is refused entry to the United States, jumps ship, and desperately evades the police during his night-long search of New

York's night-clubs for Tom, a musician and former paratrooper whose life Peter saved during the war. Peter is befriended by a penniless girl called Maggie and by a burlesque dancer called Tanya, who has a sympathetic mother and an unsympathetic brother. Despite the protests of his fiancée, Tom—who has seen a picture of the excluded man in the evening paper—quits his job to go to Peter's help. The police, together with Tom and Maggie, trail Peter to the United Nations Building—the glass wall—from which he is about to leap to death when he recognises the American whose life he had saved and who can vouch for him.

The direction, here again, seems to me out of the ordinary—it is the resourceful and imaginative work of Maxwell Shane. I do not by any means wince when I am told at the outset—perhaps just a shade sententiously—that the vessel just arrived in New York Harbour contains "1322 passengers in search of human dignity and the Four Freedoms." (It is, after all, almost fatally easy for undisplaced persons to scoff at displaced ones.) And I, personally, feel no irritation whatever at the ironies near the end—when, for example, Peter in his desperate break into the United Nations Building passes with a despairing stare a room whose door bears the legend, "Commission on Human Rights," or when distractedly he addresses the chairs in the empty boardroom with a speech to this effect: "Somebody, listen! So long as it has one displaced person, this world will know no peace. Nobody listens!"

In any case, a fine performance by the young expatriated Italian actor Vittorio Gassman must keep anyone interested in "The Glass Wall" whatever may be one's views on the nature of this hero's dilemma.

The background of night-club life in and around Times Square is, incidentally, almost unbearably hideous and raucous. But that I just take to be part of this new-fledged plan of the film companies to wet-blanket my anticipations of the New World. It fails miserably. I am going to "love" every moment of my trip, and to like, or at least be interested in, everybody I meet, undisplaced or otherwise, both on the Atlantic crossing and after I land. And whether my cabin disappears or stays put on the crossing, I feel as certain as a human being can feel of landing without any great difficulty, since I go as the proud and honoured guest of the U.S. Government.

It would be truly unkind of Providence, all the same,



"IT IS WELL DONE. EVERYTHING HELPS TO FRIGHTEN US ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE HEROINE": RUTH (JEANNE CRAIN), IN "DANGEROUS CROSSING," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, IS TOLD BY DR. MANNING (MICHAEL RENNIE; RIGHT) THAT SHE IS IMAGINING THINGS. LEFT TO RIGHT BEHIND ARE THE STEWARD, THE STEWARDESS (MARY ANDERSON), AND JIM LOGAN (CASEY ADAMS).

the boat-deck, where he is in hiding; and finally we see him falling overboard in a skirmish with the ship's doctor, who is played in a pleasantly off-hand way by Michael Rennie.

We gather that the bridegroom is a culprit of some sort (though it is not specified what sort), and that he is in nefarious league with the stewardess of the cabin to which he has brought his bride. But why is this poor young thing left high and dry without her tickets, her passport, or her husband, who has vanished with all such necessities in his pocket-book? Why does her state-room—luggage and flowers and all—vanish likewise? Why is she driven to the verge of mental distraction by all these unaccountable disappearances to the extent of not being able to finish a single dance with the ship's doctor, who has obviously fallen in love with her even though he, equally obviously, considers that she is insane? The answer to all these and



"BUT WHY IS THIS POOR YOUNG THING LEFT HIGH AND DRY WITHOUT HER TICKETS, HER PASSPORT, OR HER HUSBAND, WHO HAS VANISHED . . . ? WHY DOES HER STATE-ROOM—LUGGAGE AND FLOWERS, AND ALL—VANISH LIKEWISE?" IN "DANGEROUS CROSSING," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, RUTH (JEANNE CRAIN) LISTENS IN AMAZEMENT TO THE STEWARD AND THE PURSER EXPLAINING THAT HER CABIN IS B 18 AND NOT B 16, AS SHE HAD SUPPOSED.

to arrange for either of these two films to be shown in the liner's cinema-theatre when I am in transit! Let us trust that the party who arranges such things has better taste and judgment.

BATTLING WITH THE LEVIATHAN: DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIG-GAME FISHING.



PULLING HIS 1293-LB. WHITE POINTER (GREAT WHITE SHARK) ALONGSIDE THE LAUNCH AFTER IT HAD BEEN TAIL-ROPED: MR. BOB DYER WITH HIS CATCH.



A NEW WORLD RECORD FOR TIGER SHARK ON 24-THREAD (48-LB. B.S.) LINE: MR. BOB DYER WITH THE 1125-LB. SHARK CAUGHT OFF MORETON BAY, AUSTRALIA.



WITH THE TIGER SHARK OF 1314 LB. WHICH HAS SET UP A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR WOMEN: MRS. BOB DYER WITH THE GIANT FISH SHE PLAYED FOR SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES.



A DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF THE PHYSICAL EFFORT REQUIRED TO CATCH A SHARK: MRS. DYER PLAYING THE 1314-LB. TIGER SHARK, HER BODY BRACED AGAINST THE PULL.



THE ORDEAL OF BIG-GAME FISHING: MRS. DYER FINDS A CUPFUL OF WATER VERY REFRESHING AFTER FORTY-FIVE MINUTES OF BATTLING WITH HER RECORD TIGER SHARK.

In our issue of August 15 we reproduced a photograph showing Mrs. Bob Dyer with the 1314-lb. tiger shark which she caught off Moreton Bay, near Brisbane, Australia, recently on a 36-thread (72-lb. breaking strain) line, thus setting up a new world record for women. On this page we reproduce photographs of Mrs. Dyer taken during the sixty-five-minute battle with the monster shark, which illustrate vividly the great physical effort and stamina needed to bring one of these monsters to the gaff. In two days Mr. and Mrs. Bob Dyer caught six sharks,

including a 1293-lb. White Pointer (Great White Shark or Man-Eater), and a 1125-lb. tiger shark, both caught by Mr. Dyer. His tiger shark sets up a new world record for this species caught on a 24-thread (48-lb. b.s.) line. In this kind of big-game fishing the butt end of the rod is supported in a bucket, and the fisherman wears a leather jacket, with straps connected to the reel or rod to enable him to throw the whole weight of his body against the pull of the fish, and gloves are necessary to prevent the line burning the hand as it runs out.

TREASURES AND PALACES OF THE ASSYRIAN KINGS:

IVORIES AND WORKS OF ART NEWLY DISCOVERED IN THE NIMRUD EXCAVATIONS.

BY M. E. L. MALLOWAN, D.Lit., F.S.A.

(Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.)

This is the second of Professor Mallowan's articles on the 1953 excavations at Nimrud, the first of which appeared in our issue of August 15.

ALL the discoveries described in the previous article have increased our knowledge of the art and architecture of the ninth century B.C. To the same early period belonged the massive river- or quay-wall which ran for at least half a mile against the bank of the Tigris, on the western side of the city. First discovered in 1952, an additional stretch was excavated in 1953; the massive blocks of dressed limestone

Assyrian version of the sixth tablet of the famous Babylonian "Epic of Creation," recalls the literary activities of the time.

In addition to our work in the official buildings of the Ziggurat we excavated a residential quarter on the north-east side of the Akropolis (Figs. 19, 23, 24). Here a series of rather small houses had been backed against the defensive walls of the inner city; they commanded a fine view of the low-lying outer town. Most important was the discovery of a small store-room (Fig. 20) in one of these houses which had been occupied by a wealthy merchant during the reign of Assur-bani-pal, 668-630 B.C. On the floor was a pile of inscribed tablets which represented the owner's commercial activities over a period of forty years. Some of the transactions were concerned with the supply of expensive birds which may perhaps have been required for taking the omens in the temples. Other documents recorded loans based on the security of land, evaluated in silver. The sale of a house complete with

writing. This imported piece must have been obtained through the hands of intermediaries on the Phœnician coast, perhaps Tyre or Sidon. The activities of the merchants in Assur-bani-pal's reign were also attested by a little bronze weight in the form of a couchant lion (Fig. 17), engraved with Phœnician characters at its base. A fragmentary text which was an

fittings, of slaves, and arrangements for the harvest, also figured amongst these accounts, which have now been examined in detail by Mr. D. J. Wiseman. This house had eventually been destroyed by fire, but in the ashes we were still able to detect burnt pottery and traces of organic debris which suggested that oil, sacks of cereals and vegetables, metal and other merchandise, had been stored here.

An interesting point revealed by discoveries in this quarter was that the householders numbered among their treasures objects which were obviously already antiquities. This was decisively proved by the finding of small treasure deposits in the shape of family heirlooms carefully concealed in the floor, and by the recovery of a precious fragment which fitted with the royal alabaster jar found in the precincts of the Ziggurat. Here also, in rooms occupied not earlier than Assur-bani-pal's reign, we unearthed some beautifully-carved ivories in a fragmentary condition, which must have been made eighty years before, during the reign of Sargon. Both Assyria and Babylonia, as is known from contemporary buildings at Ur and elsewhere, had their antiquarians. Most striking amongst these objects was a set of five ivory bulls (Figs. 13-16) probably made in about 715 B.C., and found in a room



FIG. 1. AN IVORY CHEEK-PIECE FOR A HORSE (PARTLY RESTORED IN WAX, ONE OF A PAIR FOUND IN A WELL OF THE NORTH-WEST PALACE WITH THE FAMOUS "MONNA LISA OF NIMRUD") (ILLUSTRATED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 8, 1953).

The figure in relief occupying most of the panel is a winged sphinx wearing the Phœnician apron to which is attached a winged cobra and sun-disc. A *Uraeus*, or cobra, also surmounts the head. On the handle, on a lotus plant, is a cartouche which may be read as JANEN OF JEJANEN, a name otherwise unknown. Above it is a pair of ostrich feathers. The ivory, which is now of a warm brown tone, was originally stained with a black pigment. It dates from about 715 B.C.

masonry waterproofed with bitumen running down sheer into the ancient bed of the river are a gigantic feat of construction, probably executed to the order of Assur-nasir-pal, 883-859 B.C. After Calah was destroyed these stone quays were a rich quarry for the post-Assyrian townships which began to arise elsewhere in this part of Iraq.

No less interesting was the continuation of the work in the Akropolis, in buildings which were occupied during the reigns of Sargon, 722-705 B.C., and his successors. On the south side of the Ziggurat, the great temple tower which dominated the city, we dug out a long, paved thoroughfare which gave access on the one side to the principal temples, and on the other to the dwellings of high officials and scribes engaged in administering the district and in the collection of merchandise and taxes. Tablets, cylinder seals and a variety of small objects (Fig. 18) were tokens of the city's prosperity at that period. In this quarter a great store-room lined with huge jars (Fig. 23), probably once filled with oil, was of special historical interest, because adjacent to it was a tablet dated to the year 706 B.C. the last year but one of Sargon's reign, which was followed by a great conflagration.

In the ruins attributable to this event we found more fragments of an inscribed prism (Fig. 12), the larger part of which had been discovered in 1952. This described in considerable detail the King's victorious campaigns and in particular the eclipse of the crafty Babylonian Merodach-Baladan of the Old Testament (Isaiah 39, 1), who for over thirty years was a thorn in the side of Assyria.

Many valuable objects were found in this quarter of the city (Figs. 9 and 10). Most striking of all perhaps was a magnificent stone vase of veined Egyptian alabaster (Fig. 8), with a hieroglyphic inscription probably engraved by a Phœnician scribe who had an indifferent knowledge of that



FIG. 3. A CLAY IMPRESSION FROM A SEAL OF SHALMANESER III. (859-824 B.C.), SHOWING THE KING KILLING A LION.



FIG. 4. TWO STONE CYLINDER SEALS OF ABOUT 700 B.C. WITH THEIR IMPRESSIONS SHOWING HERALDIC IBEX RAMPANT ON EITHER SIDE OF A SACRED TREE, AND THE WINGED SUN-DISC.



FIG. 2. AN IVORY HEAD OF A ROARING LION, AFTER RESTORATION. This head, which is 6.7 cms. (c. 2½ ins.) across, was illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of August 16, 1952, before cleaning. Now that it has been repaired it appears as the finest of its kind yet discovered. It was found in the North-West Palace and dates from 715 B.C. The "warts" above the eyes are pierced to take bristles and the mane has cavities for incrustation.

Photograph by Antran, Baghdad.

which was probably still occupied in 630 B.C. These had originally ornamented the edges of circular trays and seem to have been represented in the act of fighting, head down, ready for the fray. They are splendid pieces of carving in the round, and we can well understand that the more wealthy Assyrians in Calah, aware of a long tradition of ivory carving, may have attached a high value to them.

Another set of ivories found in the same place are the fragments of a *pyxis*, ointment box (Figs. 5 and 7), engraved with a spirited scene which appears to depict the Assyrian king outside the gates of a walled-city, while from the tops of the battlements women greet him with a clash of cymbals. Whether this represents a siege, a victorious return or a departure before a campaign, possibly even the ritual during an eclipse, is doubtful. But the scene is an unusual one which recalls events depicted on the bronze gates of Balawat during the reign of Shalmaneser III.

To this set of ivories must be added the remarkable plaque engraved with the figure of a winged female demon, partly in the style of the Apkalle described in the previous article. This voluptuous lady (Fig. 6) may be related to the seductive vampires, the *Lilissu* of the Babylonian texts, but she wears a crown, like the nearly contemporary stone reliefs of goddesses found in northern Syria at Tell Halaf and Carchemish, where sculpture discovered by Sir Leonard Woolley more than forty years ago has enabled us to suggest a restoration of the head. Evidently its possessors at Calah both treasured and feared this trophy, for the head had been deliberately cut away by a V-shaped excision.

This season's work was finally crowned by the discovery at the bottom of one of the three wells in the north-west Palace of an ivory board (Fig. 22) which is of the greatest historical importance for the dating of the finest ivories at Calah. The photograph of Fig. 12 illustrates a large fragment of one of them engraved with the name of King Sargon, 722-705 B.C.

[Continued opposite

TREASURES FROM NIMRUD—IVORY CARVINGS, SILVER, GOLD, AND ALABASTER.



FIG. 5. FOUND IN THE SAME PLACE AS THE IVORY BULLS (FIGS. 13-16): PART OF AN ENGRAVED IVORY *PAXIS* SHOWING A KING OUTSIDE A WALLED CITY WITH WOMEN CLASHING CYMBALS. (SEE ALSO FIG. 7.) *Continued.*

It was one of a pair fitted on hinges, and was, in fact, a binding *de luxe* made to carry a religious inscription of a well-known text beginning, "When the gods Anu and Enlil," and, as the inscription (translated by Mr. D. J. Wiseman) relates, intended to be set up within the King's new palace at Dur-Sharukin (Khorsabad). It seems, therefore, that some of the ivories intended for the King's new and uncompleted capital were actually made at Calah, and this inscription enables us to date with certainty a number of magnificent ivories found both in another well in 1952 and in the Burnt Palace, to Sargon's reign, for in that palace two fragments of a similar hinged ivory board have also

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 6. RECALLING THE SEDUCTIVE BABYLONIAN VAMPIRE, *LILISSU*: AN IVORY PLAQUE SHOWING A WINGED GODDESS, FOUND IN A PRIVATE HOUSE. THE HEAD AND CROWN HAVE BEEN RESTORED.



FIG. 7. ANOTHER PIECE OF THE SAME IVORY *PAXIS* AS FIG. 5. IN THIS THE WOMEN CLASHING CYMBALS ARE MORE CLEARLY SHOWN. THE OCCASION MAY BE A TRIUMPH, A DEPARTURE OR A RITUAL. *Continued.*

been found. Furthermore, we have here for the first time actual proof of written statements that the Assyrians wrote upon tablets of wood, overlaid with a specially-prepared wax. Fragments of fine writing on a substance which has now been analysed as wax were also found in association both with these ivory boards and with others made of wood. Perhaps, too, this discovery may explain the extraordinary failure to find cuneiform documents at Calah on materials other than stone, during the period of kings so active as Assur-nasir-pal II. It may well be that at that time contracts and other documents were written on wood and have perished for ever. Only the preservative effect of the

[Continued overleaf.]

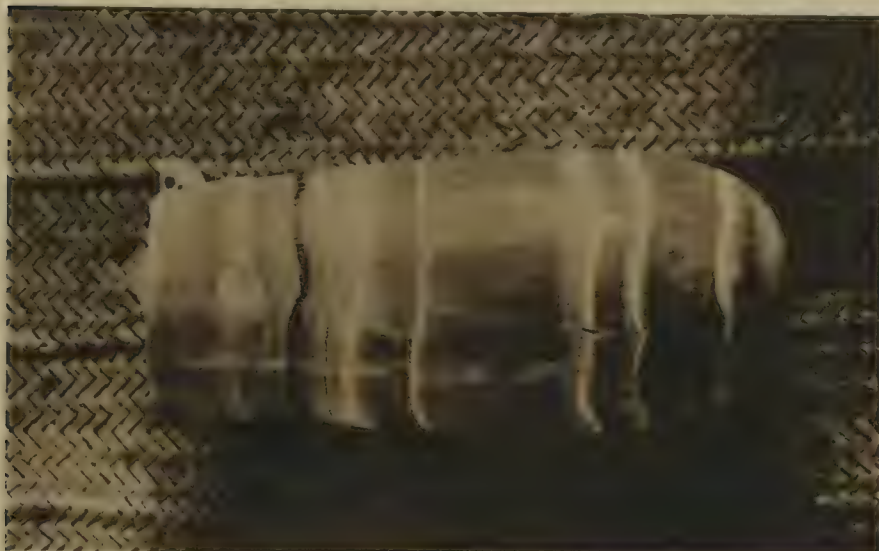


FIG. 8. A VASE OF THE FINEST EGYPTIAN ALABASTER: TRANSLUCENT AND VEINED BLACK AND WHITE, IT HAS A ROUGHLY-CUT HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTION ON THE NECK AND WAS PROBABLY IMPORTED INTO ASSYRIA C. 700 B.C. FROM TYRE OR SIDON.

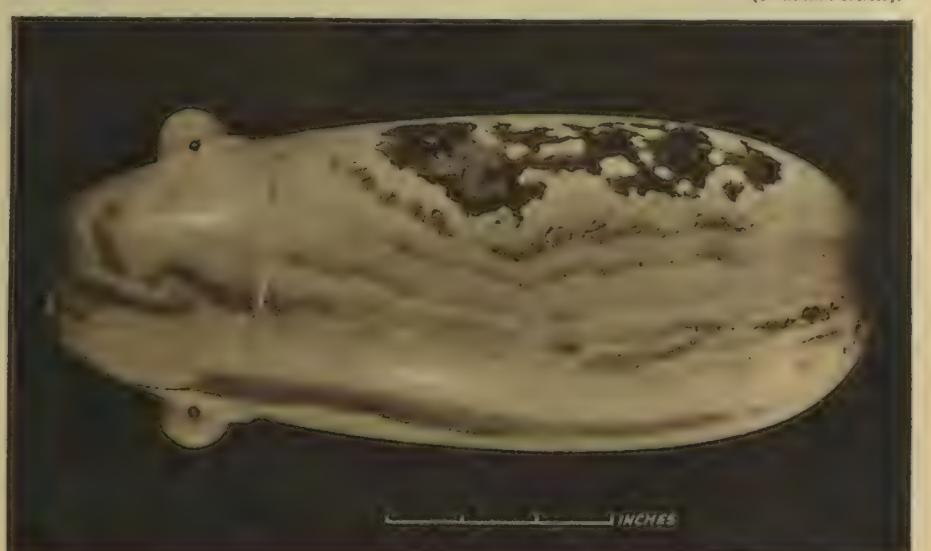


FIG. 9. ONE OF MANY VALUABLE OBJECTS FOUND IN HOUSES, PROBABLY OF OFFICIALS, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ZIGGURAT. AN OIL VASE IN VEINED ALABASTER, DATING FROM ABOUT 640 B.C. FOUND IN THE SAME AREA AS FIG. 8.



FIG. 10. PROBABLY MADE FOR ASSUR-NASIR-PAL C. 880 B.C.: A BASALT-STELA, SHOWING TRIBUTE-BEARERS, ESCORTED BY ASSYRIAN OFFICERS. FOUND TO THE SOUTH OF THE ZIGGURAT. 35 CMS. HIGH.



FIG. 11. PROBABLY THE HEAD OF A CEREMONIAL STAFF. THE DISC IS SILVER WITH A GOLD BOSS AND WITH A RAYED SUN CHASED IN GOLD ON THE DISC. ROUND THE BASE (OF SILVER) IS A GOLD BAND WITH REPOUSSÉ ROSETTES.

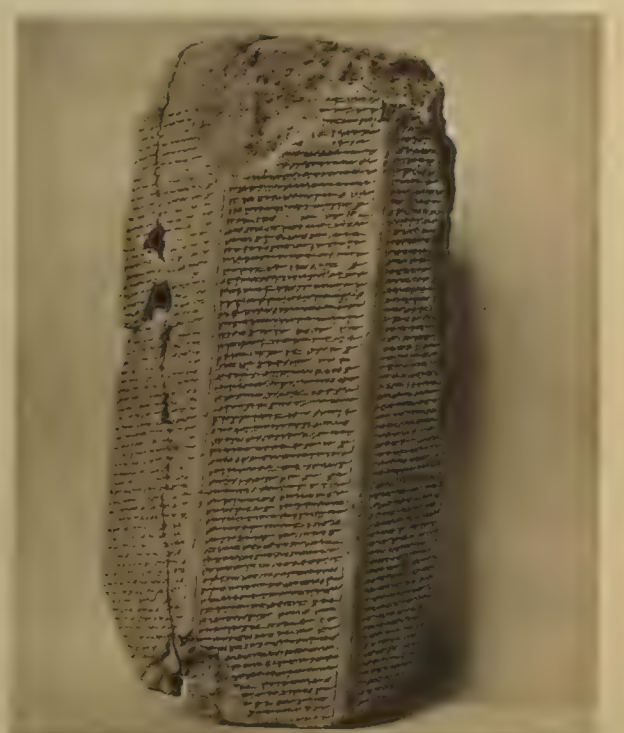


FIG. 12. DESCRIBING SARGON'S VICTORY OVER MERODACH-BALADAN: AN EIGHT-SIDED PRISM INSCRIBED WITH A CHRONICLE. PART OF THIS WAS FOUND IN 1952, AND ADDITIONAL FRAGMENTS WERE FOUND THIS YEAR.

THE IVORY BULLS OF SARGON: THE MIGHT AND MAGNIFICENCE OF



FIG. 13. ONE OF A SET OF FIVE CHARGING IVORY BULLS FOUND IN A PRIVATE HOUSE AT NIMRUD OF ABOUT 630 B.C. ALL WERE PROBABLY MADE ABOUT 715 B.C.



FIG. 14. ANOTHER OF THE IVORY BULLS. THESE APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN ARRANGED IN PAIRS AROUND THE EDGE OF A TRAY, WITH HEADS LOWERED AS IF FIGHTING.



FIG. 15. THE IVORY TRAY WHICH THESE MAGNIFICENT IVORY BULLS ADORNED APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY ENCRUSTED WITH GOLD. ALL ARE FINE EXAMPLES OF IVORY CARVING.



FIG. 16. ALTHOUGH FOUND IN A PRIVATE HOUSE OF ABOUT 630 B.C., THESE IVORY BULLS (FIGS. 13-16) MAY HAVE BEEN MADE FOR SARGON, C. 715 B.C., AND PRESERVED AS ANTIQUITIES.



FIG. 17. PROBABLY DATING FROM THE REIGN OF ASSUR-BANI-PAL (C. 640 B.C.): TWO VIEWS OF AN ASSYRIAN WEIGHT IN THE SHAPE OF A BRONZE LION, WITH PHENICIAN SIGNS ON THE BASE.



FIG. 18. AN ORNAMENT IN POLISHED LIMESTONE, TERMINATING IN A LION'S HEAD, WITH LAPIS LAZULI EYES AND 'WARTS.' IF TURNED THE OTHER WAY UP IT STILL SHOWS A LION'S HEAD. REIGN OF SARGON, C. 715 B.C. TO C.MS. (NEARLY 4 INS.) LONG.

Continued
well-sludge in which these boards were found had enabled them to survive. Three splendid ivory objects of the same period have now been fully restored and cleaned after many months of work by Sayyid Akram Shukri in the laboratories of the Iraq Antiquities Department, Baghdad. The first, the celebrated "Monna Lisa," perhaps a goddess, or possibly a queen, is a supreme example of the ivory-maker's art (shown in *The Illustrated London News* of August 8), and those who have been fortunate enough to see the cleaned original, now in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad, are never likely to forget her. This thoroughly Oriental head, with its ample and warmly-rounded features, has every right to be considered the ancestor of the archaic maidens that adorned the Akropolis of Athens a century later. Indeed, treatment of eyes, mouth and certain details of hair-dressing on other ivory heads from the Burnt Palace can be demonstrated to show the line of descent. The

ASSYRIAN NIMRUD REVEALED IN NEW AND EXTENSIVE EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 19. MUD-BRICK HOUSES OF THE INNER CITY OF NIMRUD, ABUTTING (LEFT) ON THE 100-FT.-THICK DEFENSIVE WALL. TABLETS, IVORIES AND TREASURE OF 715-626 B.C. WERE FOUND HERE.



FIG. 20. IN THIS SMALL STORE-ROOM WERE FOUND THE BUSINESS RECORDS OF A WEALTHY ASSYRIAN MERCHANT, COVERING TRANSACTIONS OVER A PERIOD OF FORTY YEARS AND COINCIDING WITH THE REIGN OF ASSUR-BANI-PAL (668-630 B.C.).

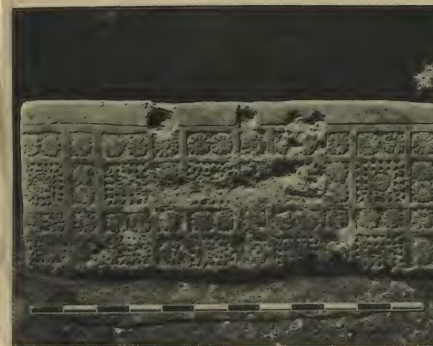


FIG. 21. A STONE THRESHOLD OF KING SARGON, C. 715 B.C., FROM THE "BURNT PALACE." ITS CARPET PATTERN COMPARES WITH THE NINEVEH EXAMPLE SHOWN IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JULY 31, 1953.



FIG. 22. AN IVORY BOARD, ONE OF A PAIR HINGED LIKE A DIPYCH AS A "DE LUXE" BINDING FOR AN ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTION IN WAX. MADE TO THE ORDER OF KING SARGON (722-705 B.C.) FOR HIS PALACE AT KHORRABAD.



FIG. 23. PART OF THE RESIDENTIAL AREA EXCAVATED ON THE NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE AKROPOLIS OF NIMRUD. NOTE THE HUGE STORAGE JARS STILL IN POSITION.

artistic influence of Assyria may have been partly transmitted by way of Anatolia, partly from the Phœnician coast. The ivory horse's cheek-piece (Fig. 1) discovered in the same well that produced the Lady is clearly in the Phœnician, rather than in the Assyrian, style. This adaptation of the Egyptian sphinx wears a Phœnician apron, from which is suspended a hooded Egyptian cobra; the thin end carries a hieroglyphic inscription surmounted by ostrich plumes. There is



FIG. 24. IN THE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF NIMRUD, SHOWING SKELETONS LYING UNDER HOUSE FLOORS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. IN THE FOREGROUND, A LIBATION VASE.

a remarkable parallel to it in bronze from the island of Cyprus, and it is thus easy to see how this tradition of ivory work was eventually transmitted into the Ægean. Finally, a wonderful ivory head of a roaring lion (Fig. 2) illustrates the contemporary genius for the carving of animals. This type of lion, too, complete with its "Oriental wart," was translated into stone in the island of Samos a century later on.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

IN THE DUKERIES.

By J. C. TREWIN

ONE of the pleasures of staying in somebody else's house is to read somebody else's books. I have just been having an orgy of that kind in a house so amply stocked that the reader becomes absurdly fastidious and tries to make trouble. Good heavens! Where do they keep their Skelton?

What sort of place is this without a Quarles in it, or a complete set of the works of Mrs. Inchbald, or maybe a copy of some unreadable dissertation by Cudworth? But, on the whole, there are books enough for me in the two or three thousand here. I shall feel guilty to leave with only one sentence in mind: "Was there ever such a situation?" thought the Duke, much shaken."

There are other charming things in the same book, an Edwardian novel. "Thank God I did not offer her money!" thought the Duke, strangely perturbed." And "The Duke offered her a rather sulky embrace." (It is shortly after this that a hansom dashes up.) I found it pleasant to read this narrative on a seat overlooking a granite cliff that fell sheer to an empty sea. In this setting there was no touch of late-night revue sophistication to hint that the early Edwardians were Amusing Types. Nothing, nobody, intruded. At one point I watched an adder linking itself across the path in the hot sun; it did not disturb me, for it might very well have stood for the villain of the book, the snake in Eden.

We were talking of Dukes. For me a Duke in the theatre still means Frederick Lonsdale, though we hear far less of him than we did. I am not forgetting Christopher Fry's Altair, or Eric Linklater's modern ducal counterpart of Sir Epicure Mammon, or half-a-dozen others. It is simply that, once upon a time, we were accustomed to enter the Dukeries whenever a Lonsdale play arrived. At the very least we made some kind of a foray through the pages of this generous dramatist's own Debrett. In "Aren't We All?", just revived at the Haymarket, we have to make do with Lord Grenham and Lady Frinton. The comedy was written in 1923. Lonsdale had not then discovered George, Duke of Bristol, though Lord Grenham was undeniably from the same stock. At the Haymarket the resemblance is the more apparent because Ronald Squire, who used to be the cynical Bristol, has now reached the playful Grenham, a peer who, like everyone else in the Lonsdale group, has to be worth his weight in epigrams, even if some of them are rolled-gold.

Frederick Lonsdale has a curious position in the theatre. He won his name as a musical-play librettist and did not come seriously to his gilded light comedies until after the first World War. "Aren't We All?", in 1923, established him; and such plays as "Spring Cleaning," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "On Approval" and "The High Road," kept up the flow. (There was also "The Fake," quite out of his line.) To-day Lonsdale's reputation seems to be somewhere between that of Maugham and the minor Wilde. Critics are ready to snap at him, to call him glossy and trivial; but audiences still enjoy the Lonsdale idiom and his cheerful, take-it-or-leave-it brand of humour. His plots may be contrived, his wit off-and-on. But one never knows when he may flick out an irresistible line, and usually his earl-and-the-girl inventions contain a rich part for such an actor as Ronald Squire. (Whatever part he plays, it should be labelled George, Duke of Bristol: the cream of the Bristols.)

Managements seem to feel that Lonsdale needs help. Towards the end of the war "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was revived in London in unexpected Edwardian plumage. And now "Aren't We All?", written

in 1923, has been back-dated to 1914, merely because it allows the designer, Cecil Beaton, to fortify the night with his opulent *décor*. It does not really matter in which year one drops the Lonsdale figures. "Aren't We All?" could have become Edwardian without trouble. Passage after passage from the forgotten

novel, at the back of one of my friend's top shelves, reminded me of the Lonsdale world:

He looked round him, enjoying . . . even the common trivialities of the scene—the lights, the gilding, the sparkle of jewels, the noise and movement of the well-dressed crowd.

They were standing inside the door of the little drawing-room. The Duchess, in a dazzling frock of white and silver, looked round her, worried.

And so on.

Many of us will be happy to meet "Aren't We All?" again for the sake of Ronald Squire and Marie Löhr as Lord Grenham and his unabashed pursuer, Lady Frinton. There is never any likelihood that Grenham will escape. Lady Frinton has resolved to change her name. Although we have a good deal of plot in which the young people are involved, and on which (presumably) Lonsdale intended the play to rest, all that matters to us now is the sight of Ronald Squire's Grenham, composed and bantering, in resigned retreat, while Lady Frinton, alert and confident, swoops after him, talking in her warm contralto. No doubt the business occupies much less of the comedy than one seems now to remember. This shows how the parts, and their two happily accomplished players, control the night. Each should be awarded a Lonsdale Belt. Remark, in particular, Miss Löhr when she is told that she becomes younger every day: "I'm glad of that, because it takes me most of the day to become it."

The plot, as I have hinted, is an artificial matter about William who kissed Kitty, and who was seen by Margot, who in her turn had kissed John, unseen by anybody. (Or words to that effect.) It does not worry us much, though it allows Lord Grenham to interfere (with only moderate success), and though it also lets Peter Williams stride handsomely upon the stage as the young Australian back from Egypt (and that garden under the moon, with a violin in the distance). Mr. Williams gets the attractive single-mindedness of the man; Jane Baxter and Ronald Howard can deal with two more of the Lonsdale younger set; and we have some brave and experienced acting by Marjorie Fielding and George Howe in two parts that are now obstinately lifeless: those of the clergyman and his wife.

All very well; but we return to Lady Frinton and Lord Grenham, noting that even if there is a cast of twelve, Lonsdale—as so often—concentrates on four or five people. (Remember "On Approval" and "Canaries Sometimes Sing," each for a quartet.) Five of the present cast have next to nothing to do, and two other parts are superfluous comic decorations. It is as blithe as ever in the Lonsdale Dukeries, in Willie Tatham's small drawing-room in Mayfair, where all the world is rosy, and among the flowers and the flooding sunshine of Grenham Court. But all that really counts is the Squire-Löhr partnership. Some may observe that the scene is described as "early summer, 1914"—a hint, perhaps, that within a few weeks the Grenham-Frinton life will have vanished in smoke at the end of an era. Lonsdale did not intend this. Never mind: if we are asked to believe it, then let us believe.

The truth is that nothing can disturb the Lonsdale folk. His Dukeries must always remain in a world of their own: an odd, timeless place, where George, Duke of Bristol (who can also be Lord Grenham) and Lady Frinton lead the ball; and where, if all that glitters is not gold, it does at least glitter. Theatrically, Lonsdale—if we can borrow from another London play-title—is a man of expensive tastes: it is beguiling to find him now within the Haymarket Theatre's gold picture-frame.



A REVIVAL OF FREDERICK LONSDALE'S COMEDY, "AREN'T WE ALL?", AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, WITH *décor* BY CECIL BEATON: A SCENE FROM ACT II. (THE GARDEN ROOM AT GRENHAM COURT), SHOWING (FROM L. TO R.) LADY FRINTON (MARIE LÖHR), ANGELA LYNTON (MARJORIE FIELDING), ROBERTS (EDWARD JEWESBURY), LORD GRENHAM (RONALD SQUIRE), MARGOT TATHAM (JANE BAXTER), AND THE REV. ERNEST LYNTON (GEORGE HOWE).



"MANY OF US WILL BE HAPPY TO MEET 'AREN'T WE ALL?' AGAIN FOR THE SAKE OF RONALD SQUIRE AND MARIE LÖHR AS LORD GRENHAM AND HIS UNABASHED PURSUER, LADY FRINTON. THERE IS NEVER ANY LIKELIHOOD THAT GRENHAM WILL ESCAPE. LADY FRINTON HAS RESOLVED TO CHANGE HER NAME": A SCENE FROM ACT III, WITH (FROM L. TO R.) THE REV. ERNEST LYNTON; ANGELA LYNTON; LADY FRINTON (MARIE LÖHR); WILLIE TATHAM (RONALD HOWARD), IN BACKGROUND; LORD GRENHAM (RONALD SQUIRE), AND MARGOT TATHAM.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANASTASIA" (St. James's).—Who is Anastasia? What is she? A theatrical answer to a remarkable historical problem of this century is adapted from the French, with Helen Haye and Mary Kerridge in the leading parts. I will talk about it next week. (August 5.)
 "AREN'T WE ALL?" (Haymarket).—Back to Frederick Lonsdale: now to a slight but still ingratiating comedy of 1923 which has been back-dated to 1914, and is lucky enough to have Ronald Squire—suavest of Lonsdale actors—and Marie Löhr as Grenham and his pursuer. Jane Baxter decorates an unexciting part. (August 6.)

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: THE FAMOUS COMPANY'S FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

THE Royal Danish Ballet's two-weeks season at Covent Garden, which opened on August 11, is a notable event, for this celebrated company has never before appeared in Great Britain. It has a great tradition behind it, and its repertoire includes a number of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century ballets which it presents with poetic distinction and freshness, as well as with classic style and technique. On this page we illustrate items from the repertoire. "The Whims of Cupid and the Balletmaster," which was first produced at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, in 1786, has been given there over 250 times. With Dauberval's "La Fille Mal Gardée," produced in France in the same year, it is the oldest work in the European ballet repertory still danced. The music is by Jens Lolle. "Sylfiden" is not the lost original version by Taglioni, but the ballet adapted by Bournonville for his favourite pupil, Lucile Grahn, after he had seen Taglioni's ballet in Paris in 1834. He created the rôle of James according to his own

(Continued below, left.)

"SYLFIDEN" (LA SYLPHIDE), AN ADAPTATION BY BOURNONVILLE OF TAGLIONI'S BALLET: THE SYLPHIDE (MARGRETHE SCHANNE) AND JAMES (ERIK BRUHN).



"SYLFIDEN," A BALLET SET IN SCOTLAND: MADGE, A WITCH (GERDA KARSTENS), IS BEING ENTERTAINED. JAMES (ERIK BRUHN) AND EFFIE (BIRTHE SCHERF; LEFT).

Continued.] virtuosity as a dancer. The climax of the first act, an ensemble derived from Scottish reels, which was danced with tremendous vitality and precision by the company, is illustrated on this page. "Romeo og Julie" is a ballet fantasy in one scene by Birger Bartholin. It was

(Continued opposite.)



"ROMEO OG JULIE," A BALLET FANTASY IN ONE SCENE BY BIRGER BARTHOLIN: ROMEO (FRANK SCHAUFUSS) AND JULIET (MONA VANGSAA).



DANCING THE TARANTELLA: BORGE RALOV AND KIRSTEN RALOV IN THE ROMANTIC BALLET "NAPOLI," WHICH WAS FIRST PRODUCED IN COPENHAGEN IN 1842.



"SYLFIDEN," ADAPTED BY BOURNONVILLE FROM TAGLIONI'S BALLET, FOR HIS FAVOURITE PUPIL, LUCILE GRAHN: SCOTTISH CELEBRATIONS IN PROGRESS ON THE ENGAGEMENT OF JAMES AND EFFIE.

Continued.] first produced in Copenhagen in 1950, and is simply a fantasy on the theme of the star-crossed lovers, danced to Tchaikovsky music. "Napoli," by August Bournonville, is a romantic ballet in three acts, first produced in 1842, to music by Paulli, Helsted, Gade and Lumbye.



"AMORS OG BALLETMESTERENS LUNER" ("THE WHIMS OF CUPID AND THE BALLETMASTER"), THE ONLY WORK OF GALEOTTI STILL GIVEN TO-DAY: CUPID (KIRSTEN ARNVIG) PAIRING THE BLINDFOLD COUPLES.



"AMORS OG BALLETMESTERENS LUNER" ("THE WHIMS OF CUPID AND THE BALLETMASTER"): CUPID (KIRSTEN ARNVIG) HAVING PAIRED THE COUPLES ACCORDING TO FANTASY, AWAITS RESULTS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN fiction, any subject can be transformed and made digestible by a light hand. Though it is true that a light hand, like other virtues, can be overdone; nobody wants a meal of froth. This week the light touch is supreme, and we get just a whiff of the besetting drawback.

In "The Lady for Ransom," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 15s.), subject and manner may be called distinct. The theme is solid—a medieval welter in Byzantium and the Near East; therefore the style is cunningly off-hand. That is the author's recipe to make it rise, and, as on previous excursions, it has risen beautifully. With the Crusades we are now quite at home; but Mr. Duggan has recoiled one step into the alien dark. Only one step was needed. Roger, who tells the story, is a blacksmith's son, a Norman of Apulian birth, ending his days as lay brother in an Italian convent; and he is telling it for the instruction of young pilgrims bound on the First Crusade. For Roger knows the East, and spent his early years fighting the infidel—or, for that matter, the Byzantines, or the world at large. His lord, Roussel de Balliol, was a true Norman paladin, an armed adventurer chasing a fief: whether in Europe or beyond it, and at whose expense, mattered comparatively little. In Italy he had no luck; he had sworn fealty to the wrong leader and felt a scruple about changing sides. The only thing was to start fresh, and so he made a bargain with the Emperor for a campaign against that novel enemy, the Turk. These little men, erupting from the "boundless plains of Magog" on the eastern Themes, were to be smashed in a great battle, or chased away "over the rim of the world." Only, instead, the Emperor was smashed; and after Manzikert there were no troops east of the city. From Messer Roussel's point of view this brought the contract to an end, and in the anarchy he grabbed his fief. The puzzle was, what to do next. In an unlucky hour he set up an Imperial pretender, and thenceforth everything went wrong. His rising failed, his men were wiped out by the Turks, and he himself became a ransomed fugitive—and in his short, last phase a client of Alexius Comnenus. The Balliol saga had dispersed in smoke.

Roussel and his exploits are history. But his tough, horsey and commanding wife, with her big nose and Byzantising tastes, is something Mr. Duggan has thrown in. So is young Roger the narrator. The incidents are more than brisk, but the real point lies in the clash of cultures and ideas—Frankish, Byzantine, infidel—which Roger sets out to describe. He does a first-rate job, brilliant and cool; but the emotion is extremely cramped. It is as though the author were too shy of modern sentiment to admit any sentiment whatever.

OTHER FICTION.

In "It's Different for a Woman," by Mary Jane Ward (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), feeling and wit are indivisible. Sally is forty-five, married and settled long ago. Except for George and the three children, nothing has ever happened to her, and now there will be nothing more—only the social round, in the Chicago suburb of her birth. At this upsetting age most of her friends fly to an operation, but Dr. King advises a new hat. All Uncle James's flock sport a new hat for the Alliance tea, but this time Sally didn't bother. Yet things still happen in a way; for at that very tea she meets an unknown rival from the past, someone who was engaged to George for a whole year. And he has never spoken of her! Sally is much put out, though, to be sure, she also had an early love—a budding, beautiful young gangster—and she has never mentioned him to George. And now, quite suddenly, she is regretting him, as though a change of mate, or even a remembered fling, would be more tonic than a shopping bout.

But these vague yearnings and discoveries are neither here nor there. They can't affect her life, which will go on being Brentwood, and the daily round, and her own family the Bradfords, who are rich and orthodox, and George's Cutter-Cutters, the aesthetic "sports," and the activities of her three children. The past may give up a few secrets; but then how little they reveal, and how much will she ever know?

It is all natural to a degree, and yet delightful without pause. George's incorrigible humour, and Granny's unrelieved atrocity are the most fun; but every detail adds, and every conversation is a source of joy.

"Rebecca Redfern," by R. P. Lister (André Deutsch; 9s. 6d.), is domestic farce, and, if you like, pure froth—but tossed up with uncommon skill. Rebecca and her friend Gardenia, grass widows and twin souls, live in a Chelsea flat and cling together in distraction at the threat of peace. For now their husbands will be turning up. Gardenia's refuge—in between orgies of eclectic prayer—is a wax of the foe, which she impales and melts, with really stupefying success. Rebecca, who in her own words is a balanced type, allows her incubus to live, only with Georg Kurz as a shock-absorber. But there is somebody for Kenneth, too: Sheila the spaniel-Red, who is a pianist of the first rank. And Sheila also has a follower, a French violinist. . . . They tell the story turn about, though by no means collusively; and it includes a poltergeist, a mystic fire, and an unflagging change of partners. Nonsense, of course; but of a smooth, ingenious kind, with much reciprocal illumination.

In "Too Clever By Half," by Laurence Meynell (Collins; 9s. 6d.), Hooky the private eye is first engaged as a moral influence. His distant cousin, Lady Darley, is in acute distress over a renegade young nephew. He has just come into a baronetcy and Monkhamblin Hall, where he allows his odious housekeeper to reign, won't be called "Sir" and quarrels with everyone in sight. And yet he is a Trewin, after all; Hooky could possibly reclaim him. So Hooky goes down to the local pub, to find a tense idealist at bay, and all churned-up over the huntsman's grabbing daughter. And there are other threads; a family skeleton for sale, a bid for the Monkhamblin diamond. . . . The tale eschews all form, cuts out at the exciting points, ditches the promising apparent themes, and is, in short, an unmixed thriller. But it is eminently readable, with a nice hunting background, and no effect of muddle as it goes, along.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

BRILLIANT play by a young Englishman at Cheltenham:

VIENNA OPENING.			
White	Black	White	Black
L. W. BARDEN	D. ANDRIC	L. W. BARDEN	D. ANDRIC
1. P-K4	P-K4	3. P-B4	P-Q4
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3		

Of course not 3. . . . P×P; 4. P-K5 and, whether at once or after 4. . . . Q-K2; 5. Q-K2, the attacked knight has, willy-nilly, to go back home again.

4. P×KP Kt×P 5. P-Q3

The last edition of "Modern Chess Openings" indicates this move as allowing Black to get the upper hand by means of a continuation which is "analysis by Barden and Penrose"! Unfortunately, books take time to print and, almost before these words were in print, Barden and his friends at Oxford University had found a flaw in their own analysis.

5. Kt×Kt

6. P×Kt P-Q5

Once he has played . . . P-Q5, presumably to prevent White's P-Q4, 7. . . . P-QB4 seems a more logical sequel. Now P-Q4 is quickly forced.

8. P×P Kt×QF

9. P-B3 Kt×Ktch

Not 10. . . . P-QB4; 11. P-Q4, P×P; 12. B-QKt5ch, B-Q2; 13. Castles! Q-K2; 14. B-R3 (or B-Kt5!), Q-K3; 15. Q×KtP with a fierce attack.

11. P-Q4 Castles

12. B-Q3 P-QB3

12. . . . P-KB3 failed disastrously in a game against D. G. Horseman: 13. Q-R5, P-KKt3; 14. B×P, P×B; 15. Q×Pch, K-R1; 16. Castles, P×P; 17. B-R6, R-KKt1; 18. Q-R5, B-KKt5; 19. B-Kt7 double check, and White mated next move.

13. Castles B-K3

14. Q-K4 P-KKt3

15. B-R6 R-K1

16. Q-K3 Q-Q2

Guarding against the threat of 21. R×P, B×R; 22. Q×Bch, etc.

21. K-R1 R-B6

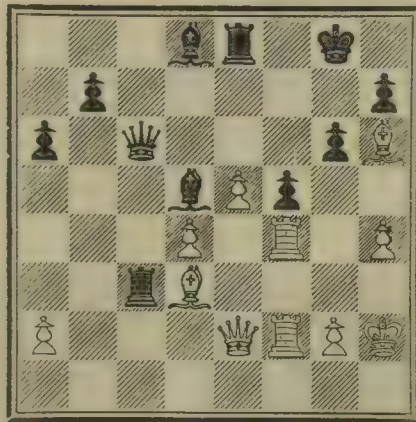
22. Q-K2 P-QR3

Threatening to win a piece by 24. . . . Q-R6ch.

24. K-R2 Q-B3

25. R(B1)-B2 P-B4?

BLACK.



WHITE.

26. B×BP! P×B 27. Q-Ktch! Q-KKt3
27. . . . P×Q would allow 28. R-B8ch, R×R;
29. R×R mate.

28. R×P! B-K2

29. Q-B4 R(B6)-B1

Yet another guard is needed against the mate on Black's KB1. White's next leaves Black wide open to the threat of a queen check on the KKt file.

30. P-R5 Q×R

31. Q×Q B-B1

32. Q-Kt5ch K-R1

33. R×Bch Resigns

that quarter would be given if no resistance was offered. Only if resistance was offered was the red flag flown, in which case the crew could expect no mercy.

Many an eighteenth-century merchant captain would have given much to be able to identify a strange vessel in the way in which his twentieth-century successor can do through, for example, "Flags, Funnels and Hull Colours," by Colin Stewart. Over 460 different shipping companies are represented in this fascinating little volume. In the same compact series (all published by Harrap for 6s.) I must recommend to any lover of ships "Ships of the Royal Mail Lines," by Lieutenant P. Dowden, with drawings by G. F. Campbell, and "Ships of the Orient Line," by J. H. Isherwood, edited by Colin Stewart, the author of "Flags, Funnels and Hull Colours." A more expensive volume is "Ship Recognition—Warships," by Laurence Dunn (Harrap; 12s. 6d.), a companion volume to his earlier book of "Merchant Ships." This deals with the navies which make up N.A.T.O., and packs an immense amount of information into a small compass. It almost makes one want to get out again the cigar-boxes, fretsaws and Seccotine of one's youth.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

YO-HO-HO!

THERE is gradually developing a complete corpus of books about sailing small boats—single-handed or otherwise—across vast tracts of ocean. We are almost beginning to know what to expect—the mountainous waves, the damaged gear, the food which is found to be mildewed, the abiding fear of falling overboard and being invisible even a few yards away from the low freeboard of a small boat. With all these, as I say, we have been made familiar by a series of writers of varying degrees of literary talent. To say this is not in any way to detract from the pleasure which the latest of the series, "The Voyage of *Waltzing Matilda*," by Philip Davenport (Hutchinson; 16s.), has given me. This is an unusual story in that it is of three adventurous young Australians who (together with the young lady who married the author just before the voyage started and most gallantly spent her

honeymoon in this unusual fashion) made a 15,000-mile voyage from Australia to this country in a 15-ton 46-ft. racing cutter. The adventure began in gaiety, and the author has most successfully conveyed the feeling of youthful zest which animated the adventurers throughout his simple and unadorned tale. Not that the crew of *Waltzing Matilda* were immune from the inevitable irritability which afflicts people who are too closely cooped up together. Indeed, as Mr. Davenport says, during one particular gale they fell to such an argument about the division of duties in connection with the boat that he found himself sympathising with Captain Bligh, while one of the other members of the crew cast himself for the rôle of Mr. Christian. This artless, but charming tale carries the reader from Sydney Harbour to the Antarctic, and thence up the coast of Latin-America to England. The photographs are excellent and do much to embellish a pleasing text.

The fast *Waltzing Matilda* would have been highly-prized as the initial vessel of a late seventeenth- or early eighteenth-century pirate. For it was the habit of pirates to begin with a small, fast vessel, capture a larger one, sinking or burning their first ship, and by degrees work up to some of the largest vessels afloat. As one whose view of pirates has been the traditional "yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" one, I must confess to having been fascinated by "Jolly Roger," by Patrick Pringle (Museum; 18s.). I had no idea that I entertained so many misplaced illusions about pirates until I read this book. Mr. Pringle takes us from the great Elizabethan pirates through the great age of piracy at the end of the seventeenth century to its decline in the mid-eighteenth. As he points out, it was almost impossible to distinguish between a privateer commissioned by the Government to provide a welcome reserve of ships and man-power for the Navy in the time of war and a pirate who almost certainly had letters of commission from one or more Colonial Governors of one or more nations. Indeed, it was the Colonial Governors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who provided the essential background against which piracy flourished, and it was Captain Kidd's bad luck that he ran into a Colonial Governor who seems to have been genuinely determined to put down piracy. Poor Captain Kidd! It seems clear, *pace* the late Lord Birkenhead, that he was wrongfully condemned, as only recently the two French passes on which he based his defence against the charge of piratically seizing the *Maiden* and *Quedagh Merchant*, and in the existence of which the prosecution failed to believe, came to light on the other side of the Atlantic. It was Kidd's bad luck that he, the only pirate who never shed blood, and, indeed, made only one voyage, should become synonymous with all that was most ferocious and brutal in piracy. Among the curiosities which emerge from this book is that the buccaneers were originally landmen, most of them being English bondsmen escaped from the sugar plantations of Barbados, or runaway Frenchmen who settled in the Caribbean Islands and took their name from the *boucan* or wooden hurdle over which they roasted the wild cattle and pigs, which provided them with their livelihood. When the Spaniards endeavoured to wipe them out and slaughtered their wild cattle, they started a war which they were to regret, for the buccaneers took to the sea and became in time the source of the downfall of Spain in the West Indies and of the foundation of the British Empire in the Caribbean. Among other curiosities is the fact that there is no authenticated case of a pirate making his victim walk the plank. Apparently this is a nineteenth-century fable. Another fable, too, appears to be that of the despot pirate captain, ruling his crew with a rod of iron. Except in battle, when his orders had to be obeyed implicitly, the captain had, in fact, less power than the quartermaster, who signed on the men, and who agreed with them the elaborate rules and regulations which governed their lives, with little variation, through the best part of two centuries. Indeed, the captain was elective, and should he prove either harsh or unsuccessful in the taking of plunder, he could be, and often was, deposed by the crew. Plunder was for the pirate the main object of the exercise, so that he never fought if he could avoid it. Thus the Jolly Roger, or the many other variants of the skull and crossbones on a black ground, was run up not as a sign of insatiable ferocity, but in order to indicate to the crew of the threatened vessel

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FILEY - Royal Crescent Hotel



SCARBOROUGH - Crown Hotel

HOTELS WHICH EXCEL IN COMFORT, COURTESY & CUISINE

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Schweppshire Shows the Way

6. GASWORKS REVIVAL

Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the dove-cote shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodszyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschwepstive of

smokestacks, with real smoke* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

** The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay, Pseudo Gasworks, by John Schwetjeman.*



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERESCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH